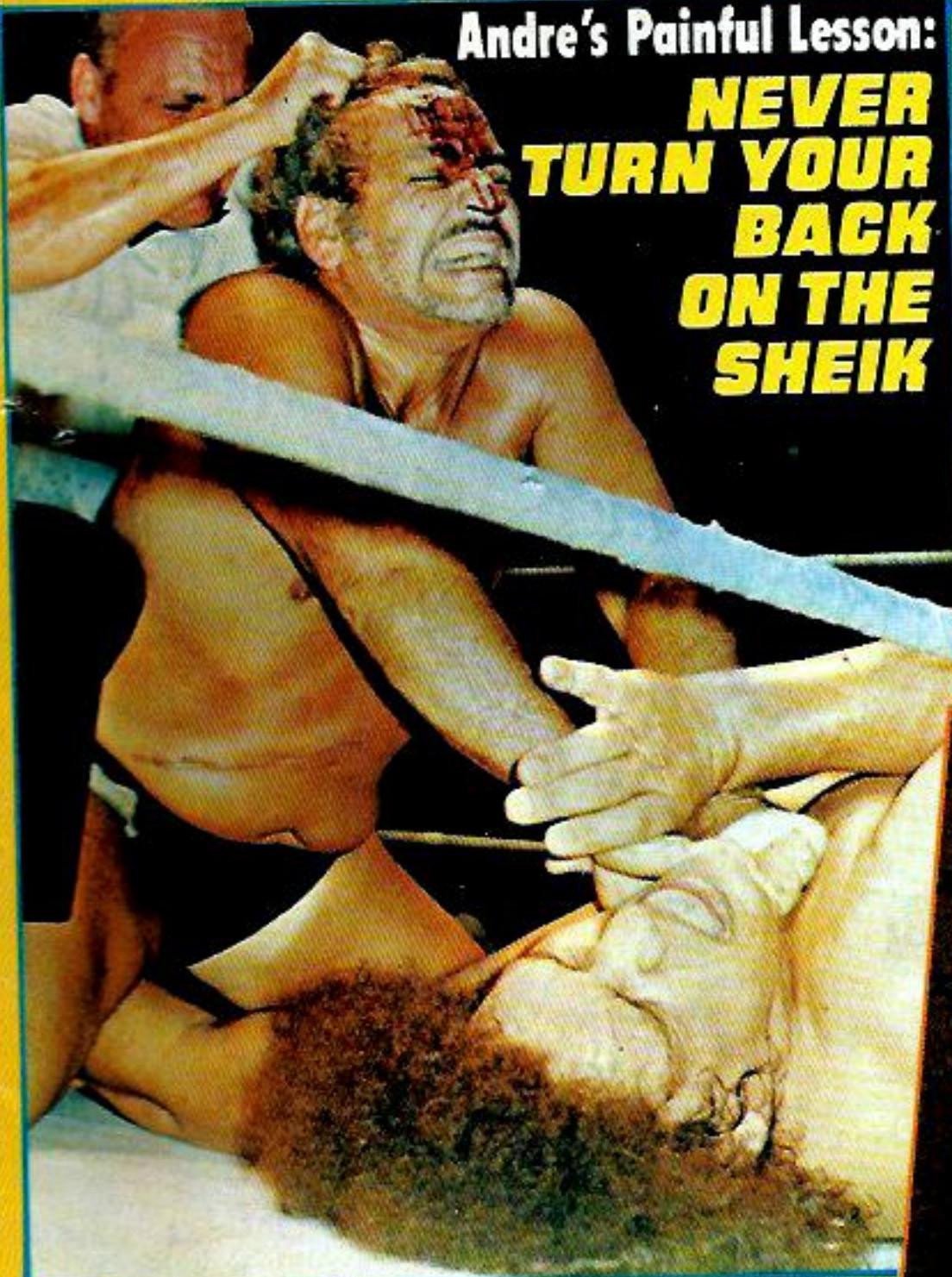


SPORTS REVIEW

Wrestling

**WHY THE FANS
CHEERED WHEN DUSTY
RHODES WENT BERSERK**

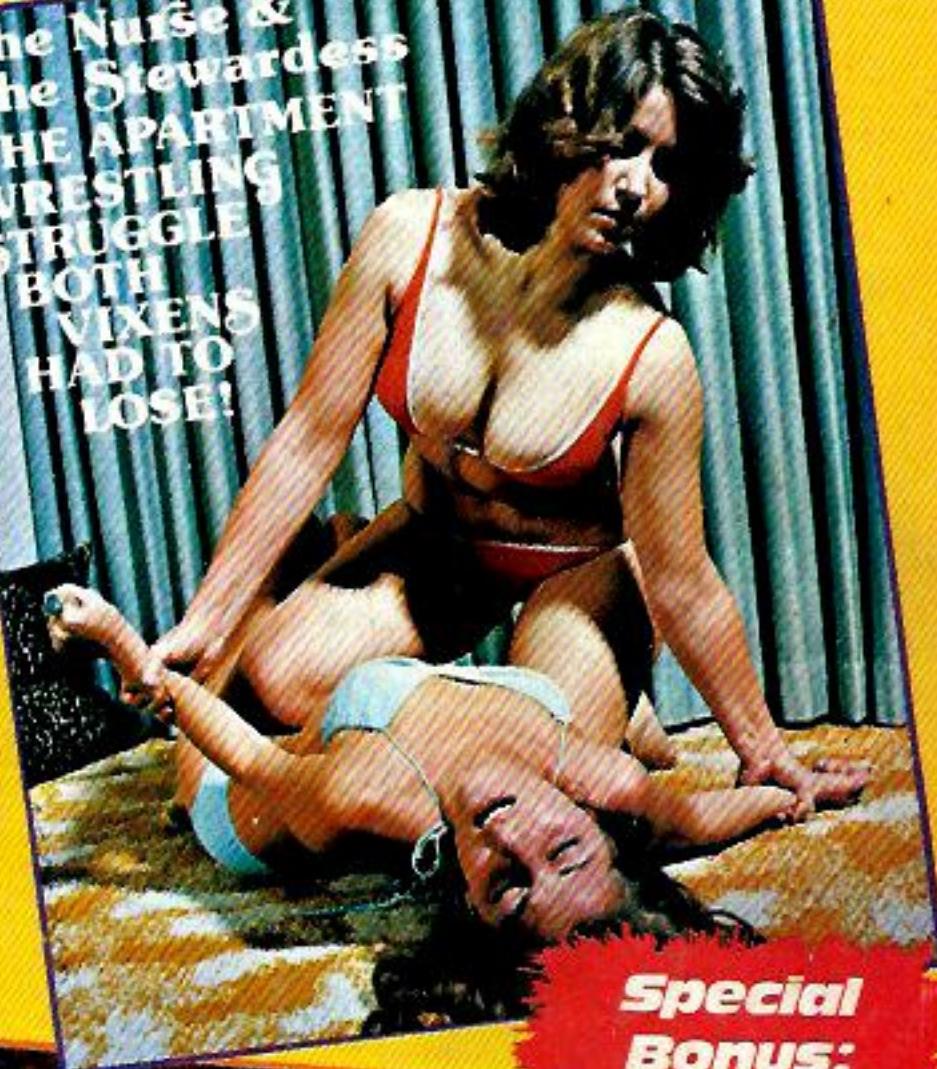


**Hansen vs. Putske:
THE SAVAGE FEUD THAT
CAN NEVER END!**

Andre's Painful Lesson:
**NEVER
TURN YOUR
BACK
ON THE
SHEIK**

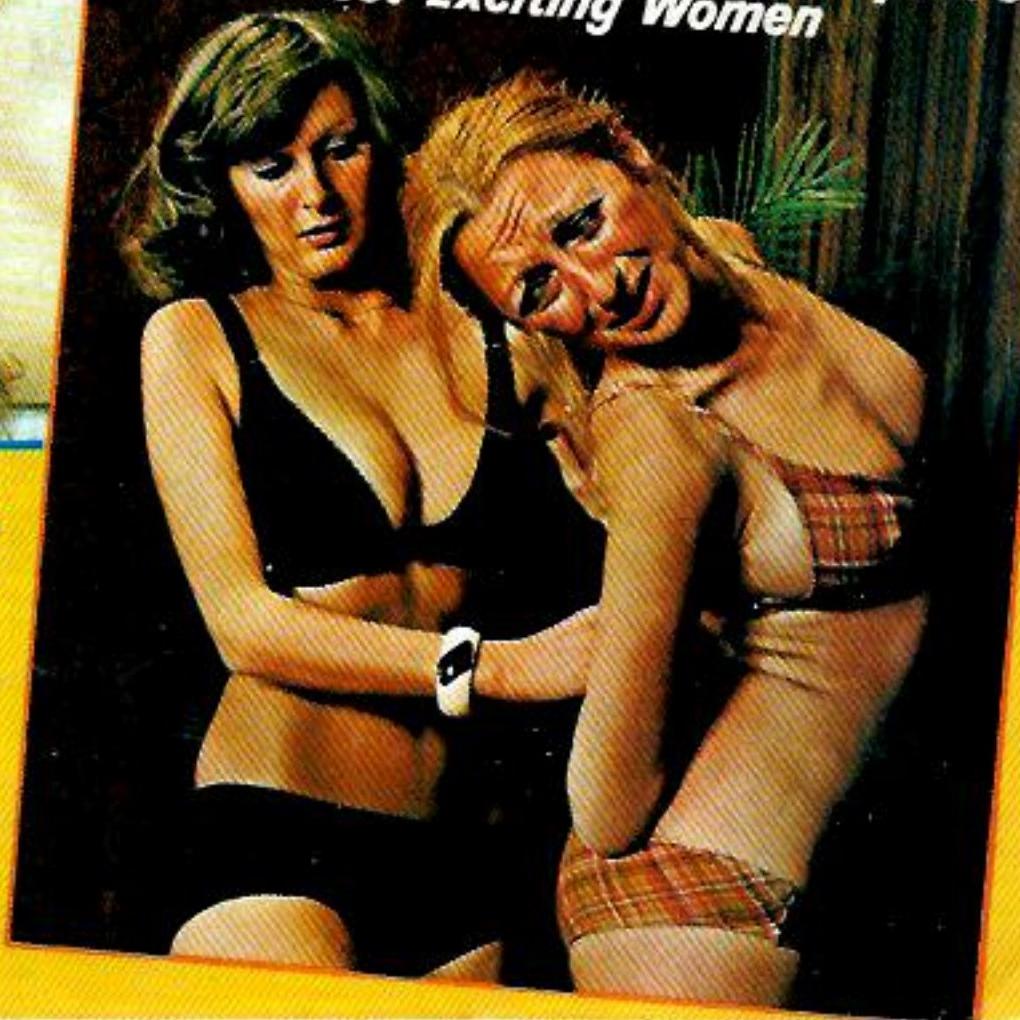
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*A Pictorial Collection Of The Sport's
Most Exciting Women*



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OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

- CHAMPION: BRUNO SAMMARTINO
1—STAN STASIAK
2—NIKOLAI VOLKOFF
3—STAN HANSEN
4—BRUISER BRODIE
5—IVAN PUTSKI
6—TOR KAMATA
7—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
8—VICTOR RIVERA
9—BILLY WHITE WOLF
10—BOBO BRAZIL

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

- CHAMPION: NICK BOCKWINKLE
1—VERNE GAGNE
2—BILLY ROBINSON
3—PETER MAIVIA
4—BARON VON RASCHKE
5—BLACKJACK LANZA
6—BOBBY DUNCUM
7—GREG GAGNE
8—MAD DOG VACHON
9—JIM BRUNZELL
10—CHRIS TAYLOR

MOST POPULAR

- 1—ANDRE THE GIANT
2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
3—IVAN PUTSKI
4—MIL MASCARAS
4—DUSTY RHODES
6—WAHOO McDANIEL
7—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
8—VICTOR RIVERA
9—ROCKY JOHNSON
10—BRUISER



IVAN PUTSKI



BARON VON RASCHKE

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- CHAMPION: TERRY FUNK
1—DUSTY RHODES
2—JACK BRISCO
3—ROCKY JOHNSON
4—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
5—MR. WRESTLING II
6—HARLEY RACE
7—PAMPERO FIRPO
8—FRITZ VON ERICH
9—DORY FUNK JR.
10—JERRY LAWLER

TAG TEAMS

- 1—THE EXECUTIONERS
2—THE ANDERSON BROTHERS
3—BOBBY DUNCUM & BLACKJACK LANZA
4—THE HOLLYWOOD BLONDS
5—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW & BILLY WHITE WOLF
6—BOB BACKLUND & STEVE KEIRN
7—PAT PATTERSON & TONY GAREA
8—GOLIATH & BLACK GORDMAN
9—THE MONGOLS
10—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL

MOST HATED

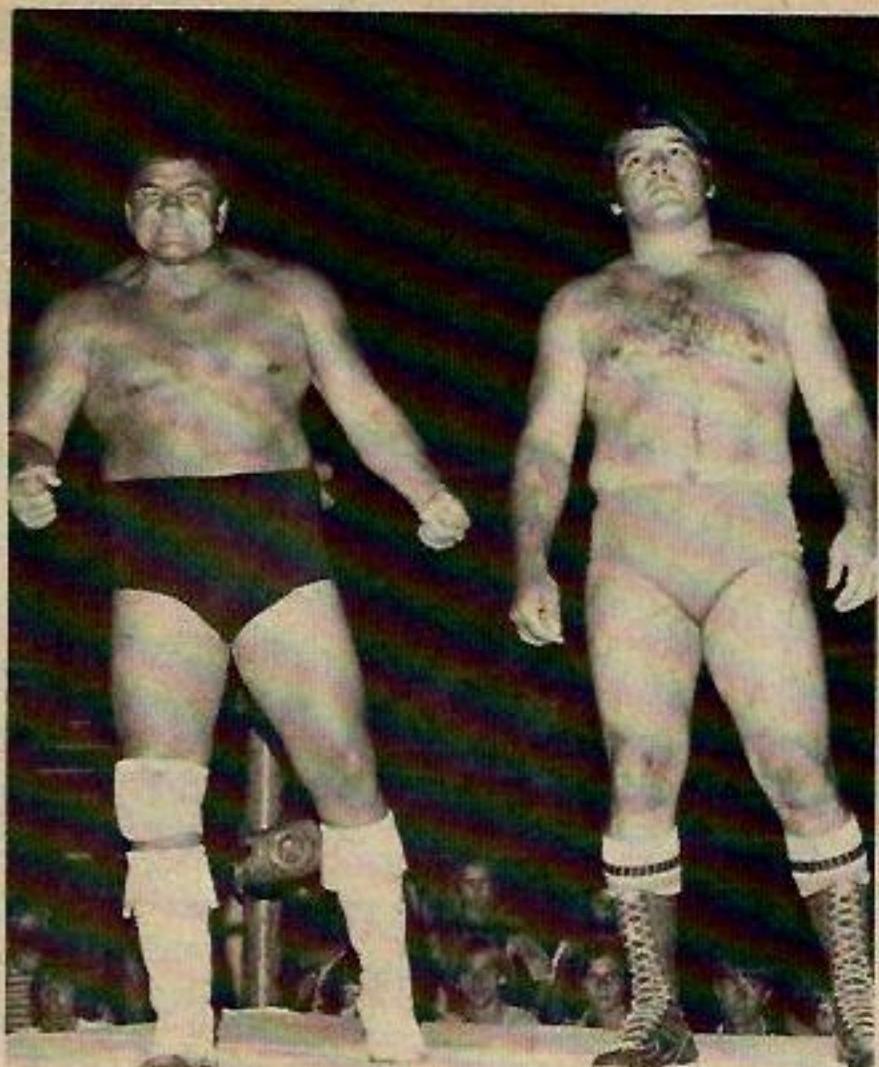
- 1—THE SHEIK
2—STAN HANSEN
3—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
4—THE ASSASSIN
5—NICK BOCKWINKLE
6—STAN STASIAK
7—BOBBY DUNCUM
8—MR. FUGI
9—BRUISER BRODIE
10—MAD DOG VACHON



ROCKY JOHNSON



THE ASSASSIN



Jones and McDaniel stand ready to do battle as their opponents, Ric Flair and Angelo Mosca, stand in the opposite corner. Paul and Wahoo are having their share of troubles.

WHY PAUL JONES AND WAHOO McDANIEL MUST NEVER TEAM AGAIN

ALL THINGS MUST come to an end. It's a fact of life. Struggling for that extra moment, hoping for luck already long gone, makes even the greatest of athletes seem pathetic. What's true for a single person is also true for teams. Look at Paul Jones and Wahoo McDaniel.

Singly, Jones and McDaniel are still wrestling in top form. They have also shown sparks of greatness while wrestling with new partners. Yet together, they are slowly but surely losing the brilliance that once made them seem assured of the NWA tag team title.

Only the most seasoned observer can spot the tell-tale signs of deterioration. They are subtle, but they're there. Movements no longer glide together gracefully. A rough choppiness is evident. Clumsiness—dangerous clumsiness—is sure to follow. They are doomed if

Two great wrestlers join forces as a tag team. Success results from most of their matches. Yet somehow, it's a success neither man can survive!

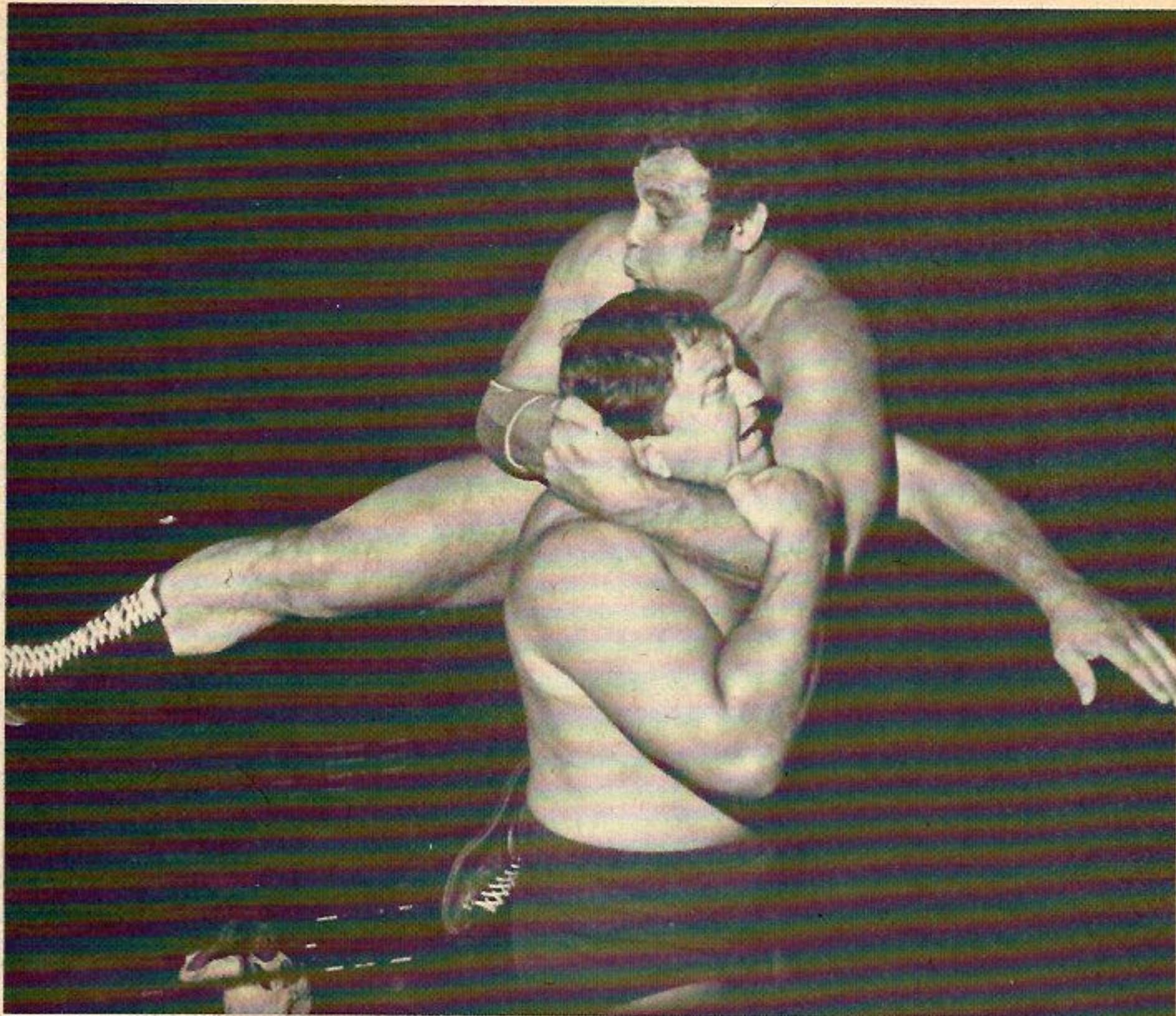
they choose to remain together. Only disaster can accompany their future.

No one knows why tag teams with great potential fall apart after a certain number of matches. Of course, there are many theories as to what occurs, though even the theorists won't claim them as being absolutely true. There's probably a little bit of truth in all the theories. Yet the reason remains beyond comprehension.

"They're getting bored," Jack

Brisco believes, "taking each other for granted. The tension, the sense of progression is gone. They've fallen into a rut, relying on what has worked in the past. Once that happens, a team is finished. I suppose they could get back to the sense of discovery, though I can't think of any other team that has. Well, there's a first time for everything."

Brisco admits to being worried about the consequences if they remain together.

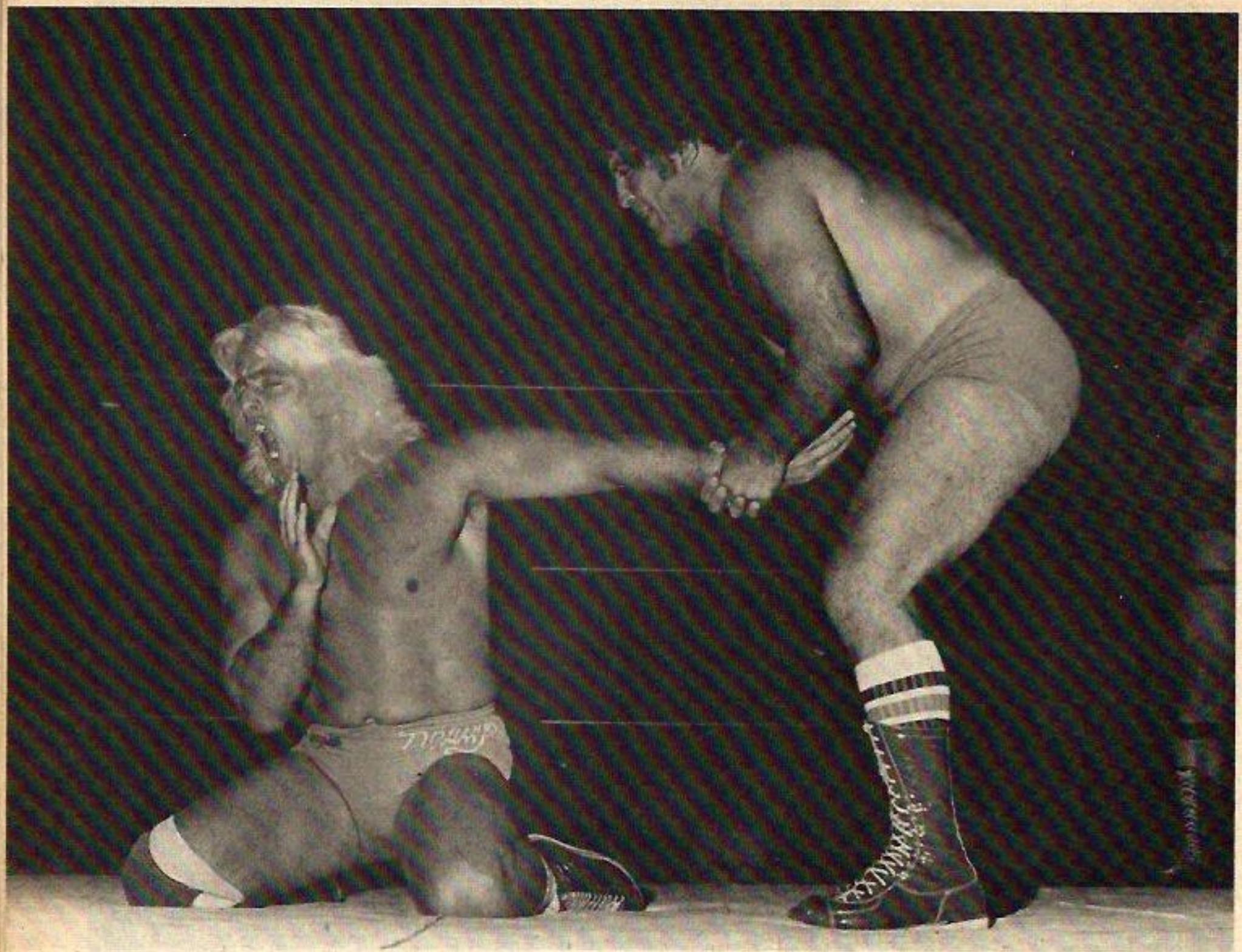


"Either man could wind up crippled," Jack says coldly. "I've seen it happen too many times before. Both men are incredibly vulnerable when they're working together badly. A really cruel tag team, the type those guys wrestle most, can take merciless advantage of them. Right now, I can think of at least three different ways to send them to hospital by preventing a tag-off. If I know this, you can imagine what their opponents know."

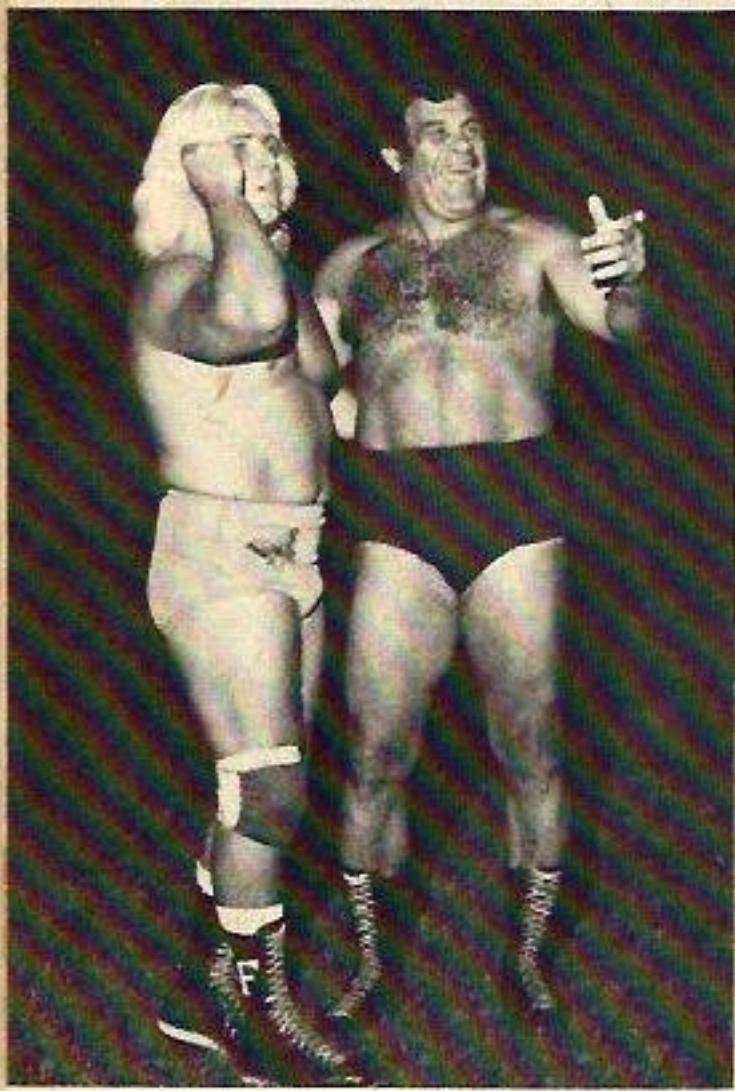
"There's one other consequence, more evil than crippling. Most tag teams don't end in the hospital, they end in hatred. It's the sloppy moves that angers men most. In the heat of battle, mistakes become traitorous acts. No one can forgive and forget being battered by a partner's failure, especially when he hasn't failed 100 times before. For some reason, those kinds of

Mosca has a powerful chinlock on Wahoo (above), but the Indian star is about to send him flying. Moments later, Jones comes into action and fails to take up the lead Wahoo left for him (below). It's small things like that which may lead to their doom as a tag team.





Jones wristlocks Flair (above), after Paul finally had his chance to get some licks in for his team. Ric and Mosca sarcastically poke fun at Jones and Wahoo (left) after the match. "We have never seen a more rotten team!" laughed the rulebreaking duo.



feuds are the most bitter. They last forever.

"There would be no sense to a feud between those guys. Professional wrestling needs them both to battle the rulebreakers. A stupid feud would channel off much of their energies. Wrestling can't afford that."

"Right now, they're too good to worry. They haven't gotten really sloppy yet, the mistakes haven't cost them enough. Wait until they begin to hurt. That's when it gets scary. And ugly. You can bet your last dollar it's going to get ugly. And the real loser will be decent wrestling. I wish to God they'd split now, as friends."

Many top wrestlers are echoing Brisco's sentiments. A shudder runs through the wrestling

community every time it hears the pair are in a tag team match. One could almost feel the trembling when a match was announced between Jones and McDaniel against Ric Flair and Angelo Mosca.

"We've heard the rumors," Flair announced, "about McDaniel and Jones not being at their best. Hell, their best was never too good to begin with. All that's happening now is those clowns have ceased to be lucky. They have to exist on skill—and they don't have any! It isn't that they've gone bad, it's that they're as lousy as they ever were."

"I feel sorry for them, though. With that little going for them, they're bound to get hurt. And you know how much I hate to hurt people."

Laughing, Flair went back to his

The maniacal Mosca puts the pressure on Paul's throat as he forces the shutoff of air by pressing Paul's neck onto the ring ropes.

strategy discussions with Mosca. The men couldn't wait to get in the arena. Knowing their opponents were in trouble as a team, Ric and Angelo yearned to bust skulls. It was going to be a riot.

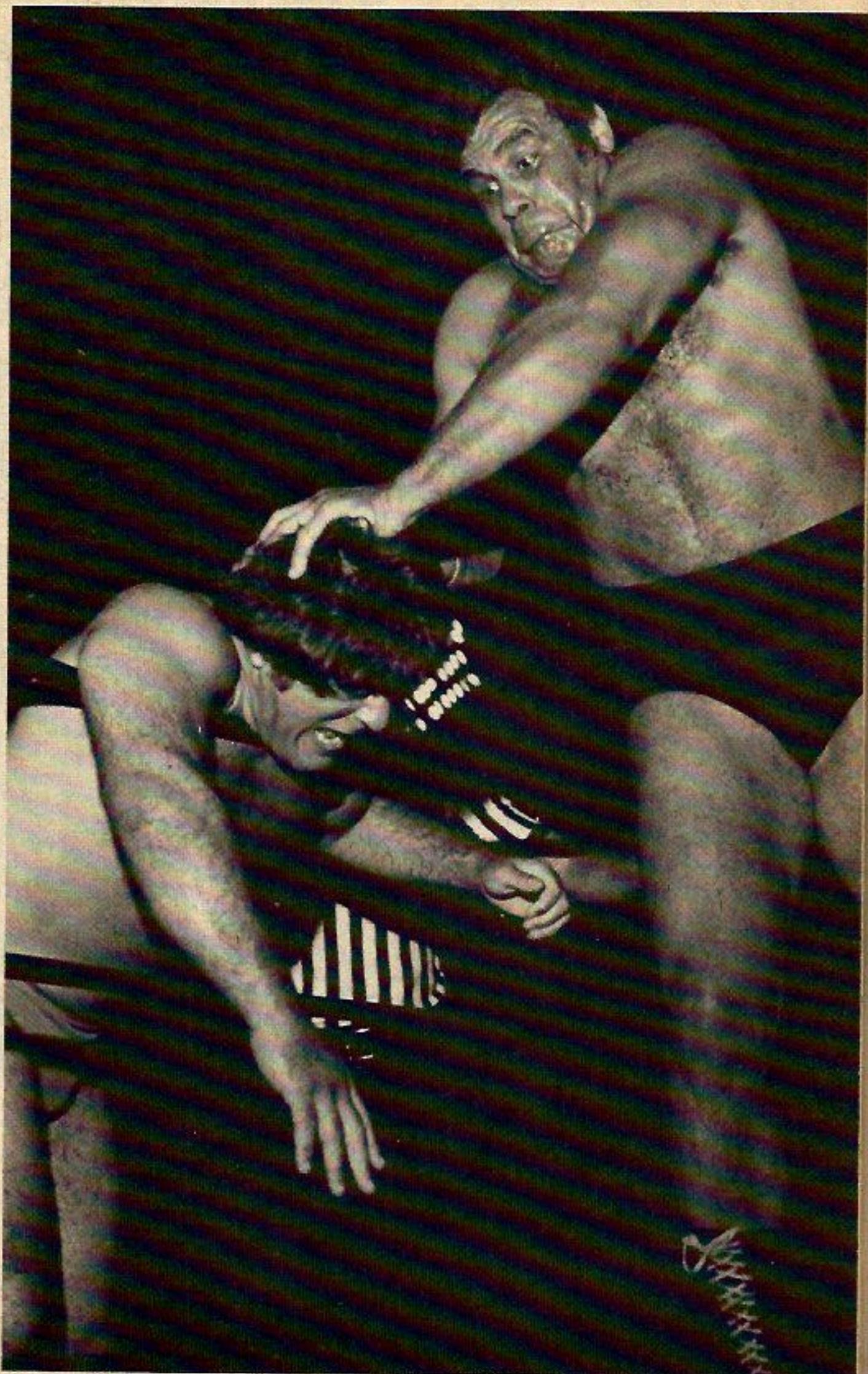
As for Jones and McDaniel, they waited patiently for the match to begin. They had heard what people had been thinking about them. Both men were determined to prove the world wrong. Yet, the knot in their bellies proved they believed part of the stories. Two men were going into battle not sure if they could depend on their partner—or themselves.

The crowd cheered McDaniel and Jones as they entered the field of battle. The two men were plainly nervous. Though Flair and Mosca were greeted with a chorus of boos, that pair looked like children just let go in an amusement park. They couldn't have been happier. Dreams of mangled opponents swam through their brains. It would be a night to remember.

When the bell rang, Mosca and McDaniel smashed into each other. It was a furious brawl. Limbs were wrenched and bones bruised. However, one soon saw it was Mosca who was controlling the all-important position of the struggle. It was Mosca who was able to tag off first, not McDaniel. And that would be the story of the match.

Though Jones and Wahoo proved their abilities, they also demonstrated why their days as a tag team are near ending, if they're smart. The grace in their combined maneuvers was gone. They missed tags and couldn't anticipate when an opponent would be hurled into their corner. Mosca and Flair might have been crude, but that's the style that best suits them. When Paul and Wahoo were crude, it meant disaster.

After eight minutes of the match, McDaniel and Jones had to give up any hope of being a team. It was like two friends helping each other out in a bar brawl, not professionals whose job it was to work together. The brawling spilled over the ropes, and all four were soon sprawled on the concrete. The referee was

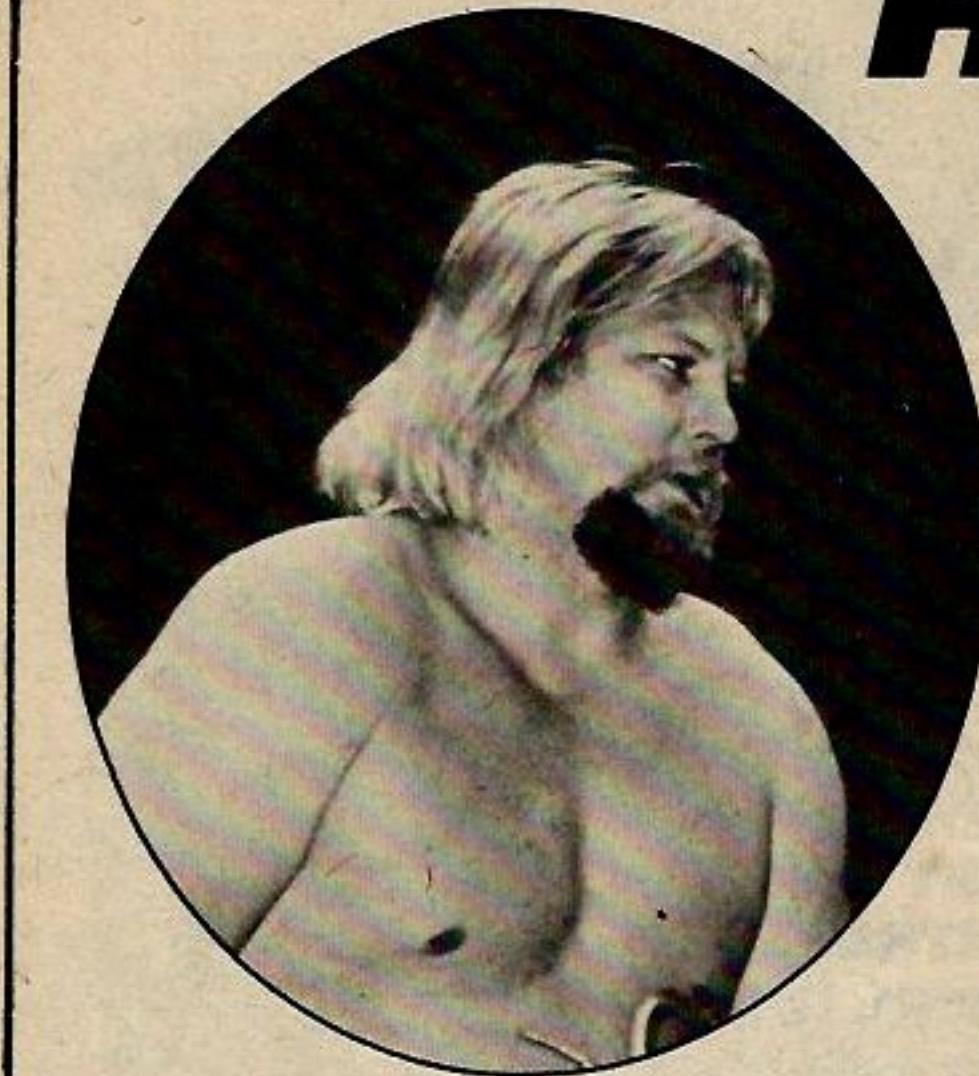


relieved to disqualify both teams and end the savagery.

After the match, Paul and Wahoo refused to see reporters, afraid to answer questions they themselves couldn't face. Both men knew a decision had to be made before disaster tore them apart. Neither man likes to quit, and both like to remember how great it once was. A large consideration is how one can

bring up the subject without hurting the other's feelings. With two proud men, this can be an insurmountable problem.

Time is running out for Paul Jones and Wahoo McDaniel. Every decent person in wrestling hopes they'll succeed. History shows they'll probably fail. The price of failure is a feud that will never die. □



Hansen vs. THE SAN FEE THAT NEVER

The hatred flows in their veins, eats at their nerves, and dominates their thoughts. Only death can end the dangerously explosive feud between Ivan Putski and Stan Hansen!

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



Putski grimaces in pain as Hansen hits him in the mid-section. This was one of their most vicious brawls.

TO BE HUMILIATED, to lose face, to be demeaned, disgraced, degraded and shamed—ask Ivan Putski how it feels. He knows all about it. He has been down that lonesome path. He was led there by Stan Hansen. And it was a road Ivan would rather not have traveled.

Of course, there was a time when Ivan harbored no grudge against Stan Hansen. But that was a long time ago, or so it seems, in light of what has happened. But now it seems like the feud between Ivan Putski and Stan Hansen will never die, at least not if the combatants have anything to say about it.

This whole bloody series of battles started when Stan Hansen's famous "lariat" sent WWWF champion Bruno Sammartino to the hospital. Up until that time, Ivan had barely even noticed the presence of Stan Hansen in the area. But Putski became quite angered when he heard about Hansen's crippling of his good friend Bruno. He

wanted to do something, so he challenged Stan Hansen to a revenge match—for Bruno's sake.

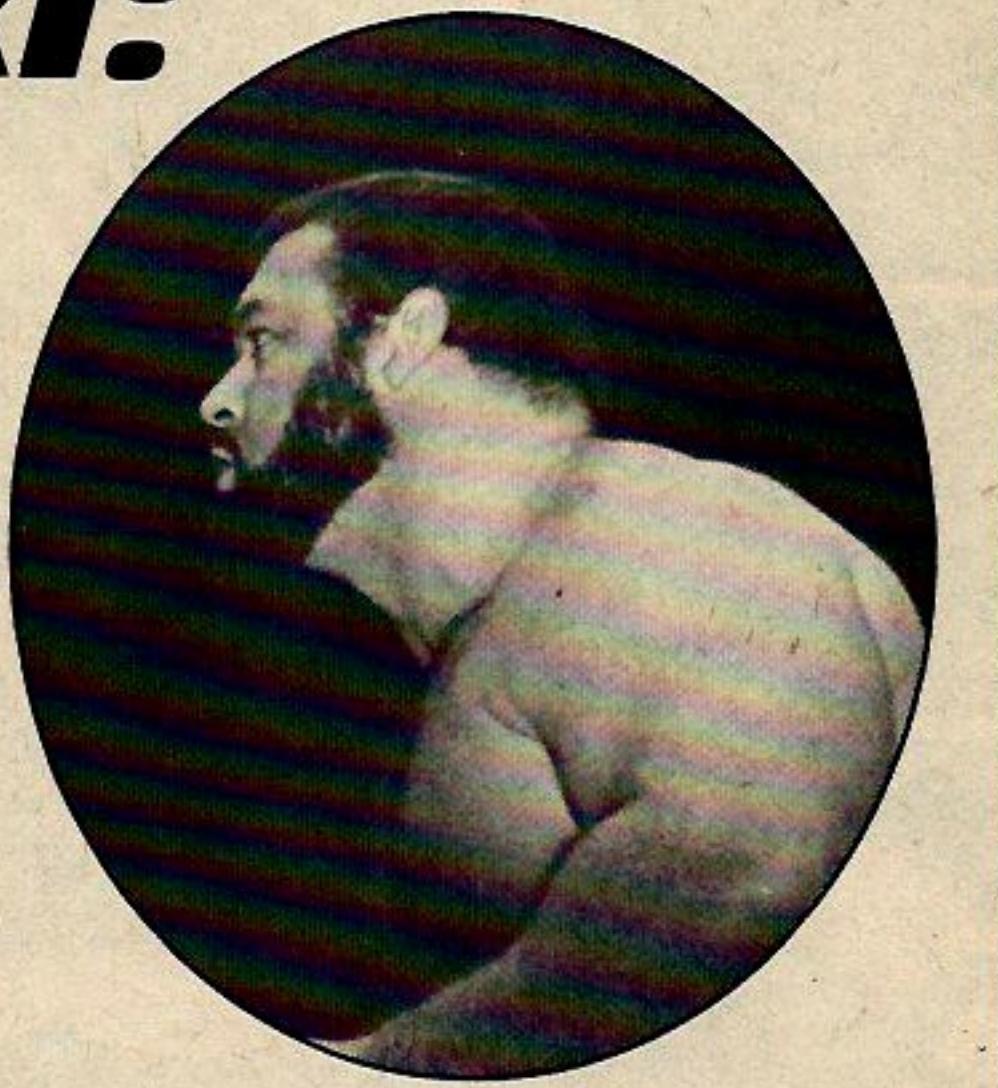
No one is quite sure why it happened, but Ivan just could not do well against Hansen in that first match. Every tactic he tried seemed to fail. Yet Ivan was still able to fend off defeat—until Hansen used the "lariat" on the unsuspecting Putski.

The Polish wrestler crumpled to the canvas. His whole body seemed to be in pain. His legs could not support his weight. His back seemed frozen in place. Ivan's body had never experienced a shock as traumatic as this. The spectators were stunned as they watched Ivan's body being lifted into a stretcher and taken to the hospital.

Putski spent the next few days lying in a hospital bed. He did not want to see anyone, though many people wanted to come by to wish him a speedy recovery.

In many ways, Ivan was luckier than

S. Putski: **IVAN PUTSKI CAN END!**



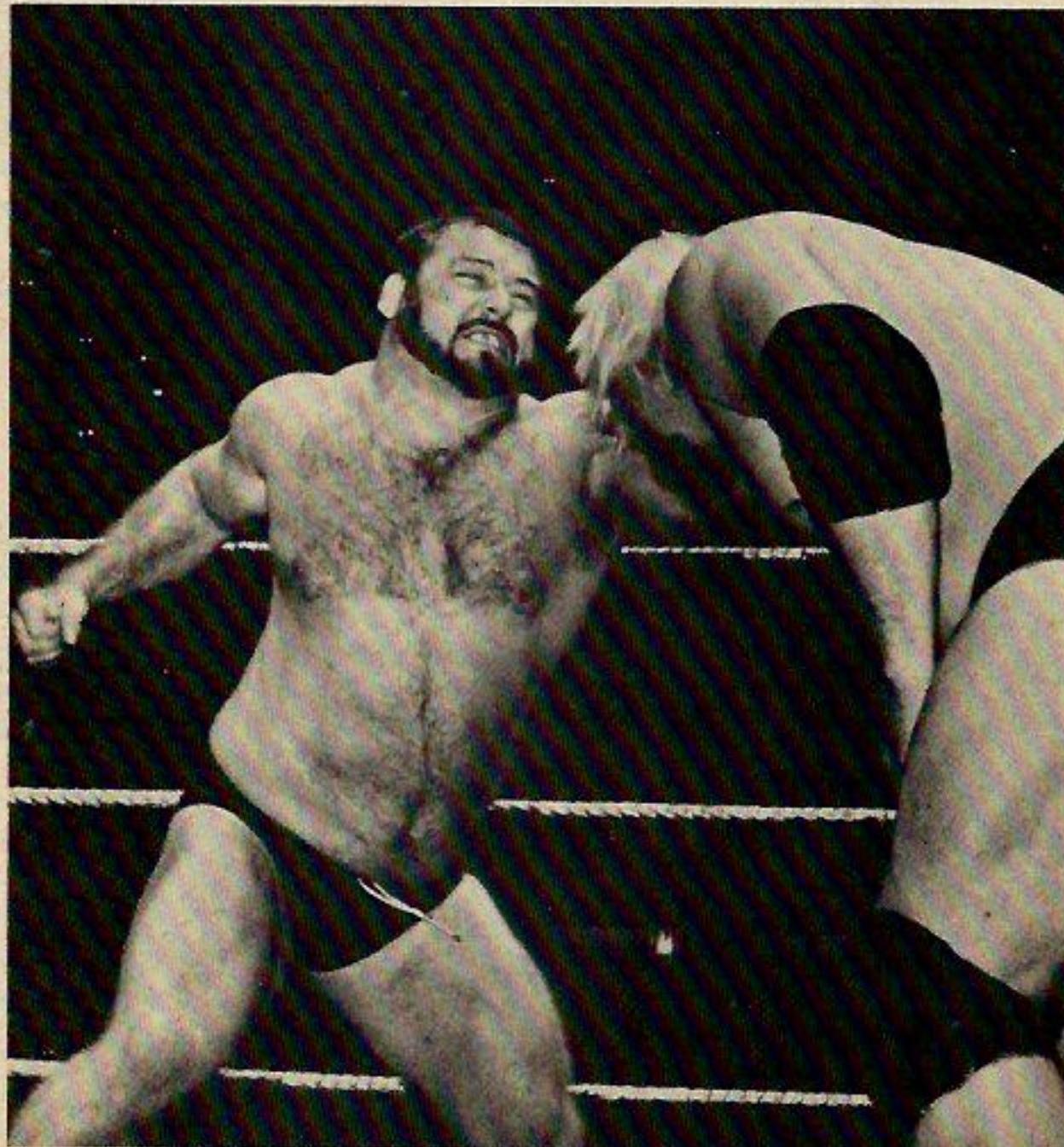
Ivan punches with all his might when he tries to end the match. But the man from Texas has many tricks up his sleeve and will come back battling. Both Ivan and Hansen threw out the rule book for this bout.

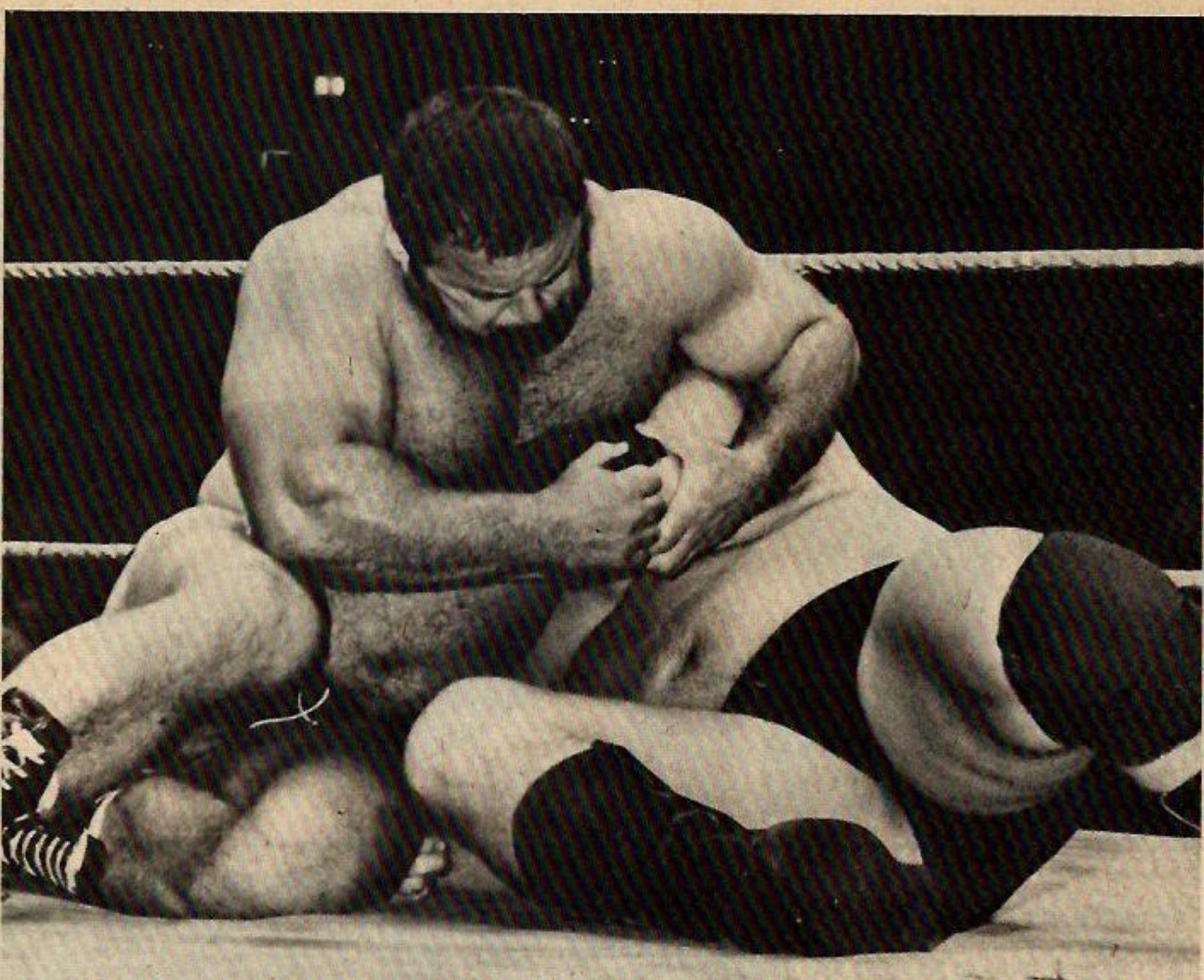
Bruno Sammartino. He had suffered no permanent damage. No bones were broken. Nothing was sprained. And, after a few days of hospital rest, the muscles in his back, which had spasmed after being hit with the "lariat," relaxed. After a week in bed, Ivan was allowed to return to a regular schedule.

But it was very difficult for Ivan to return to wrestling. He had been humiliated in his match against Hansen. He was ashamed to face the fans who had counted on him to exact revenge for Bruno. Putski had not even come close to accomplishing his mission during that match.

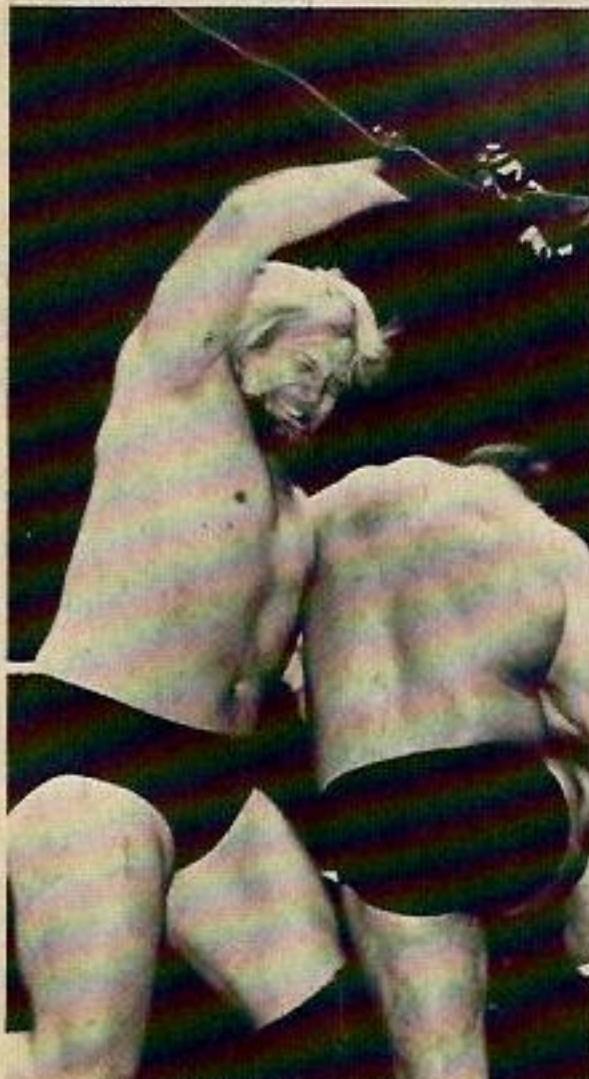
Humiliation is a very difficult thing for a man to live with. In extreme cases, it can lead to severe depression and an inability to function properly. Or, it can lead to an intense anger and hatred.

Ivan's humiliation brought out both emotions. At first, Putski was despondent over his loss to Hansen.





Putski tries to remove Hansen's elbow pad but he fails in his attempt to do so (above). Hansen attacks Putski with part of his western outfit before the bell sounds (left). It is just a matter of time before one of these two is very seriously injured.



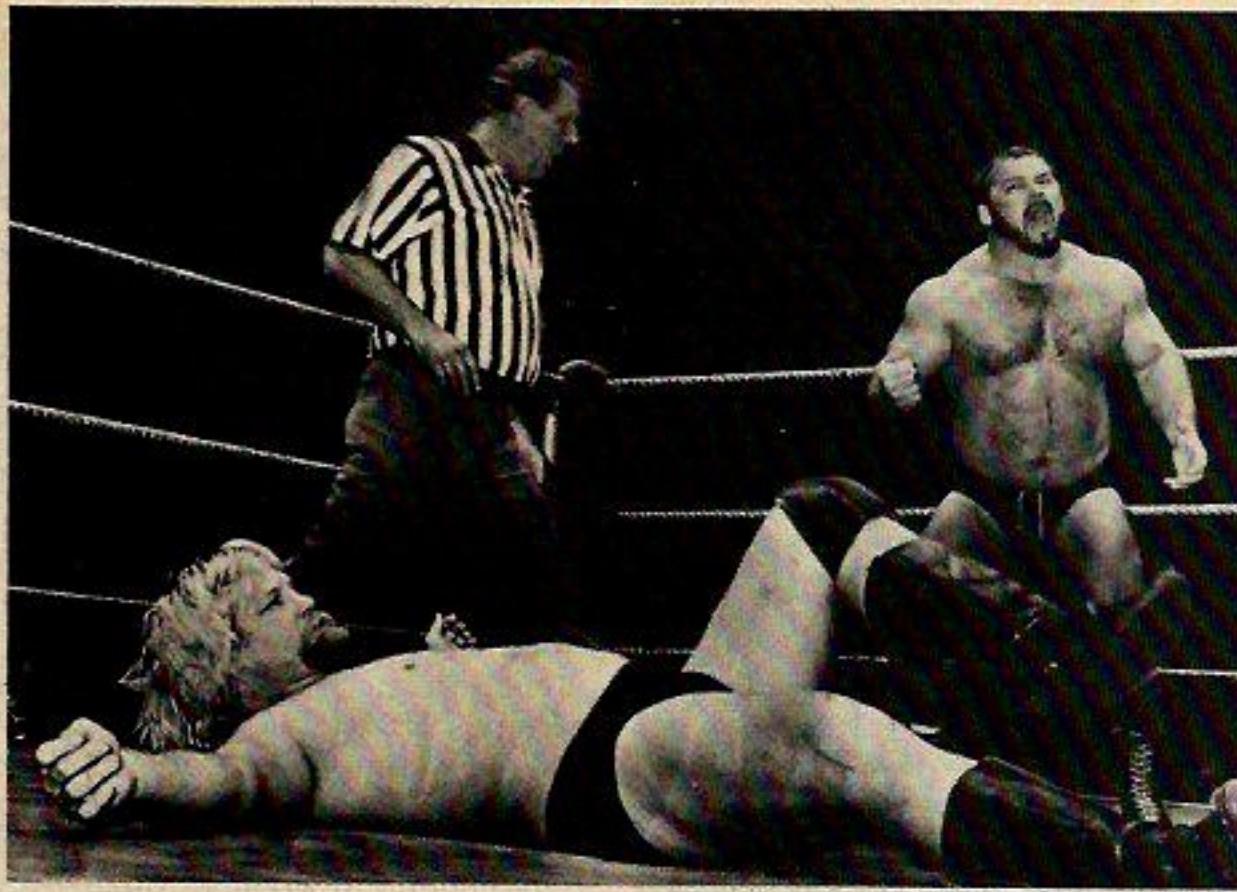
He felt as if he had let down all the people who had counted on him. For a few days, he even considered quitting wrestling altogether. But this initial reaction did not last too long. Soon, an intense anger grew out of Ivan's despondency. He was angry at himself for allowing one loss to make him think of quitting the sport he loved. But more than that, he was furious at Hansen and what the Texan wrestler had put him through. It was this emotion which was to carry Ivan out of his depression and put him back on the right track.

A new, more intense dedication to the science of wrestling grew in Ivan. He began to train several hours every day, hoping to find that one maneuver which would effectively counter Hansen's "lariat." After several weeks of trial and error, Ivan found what he

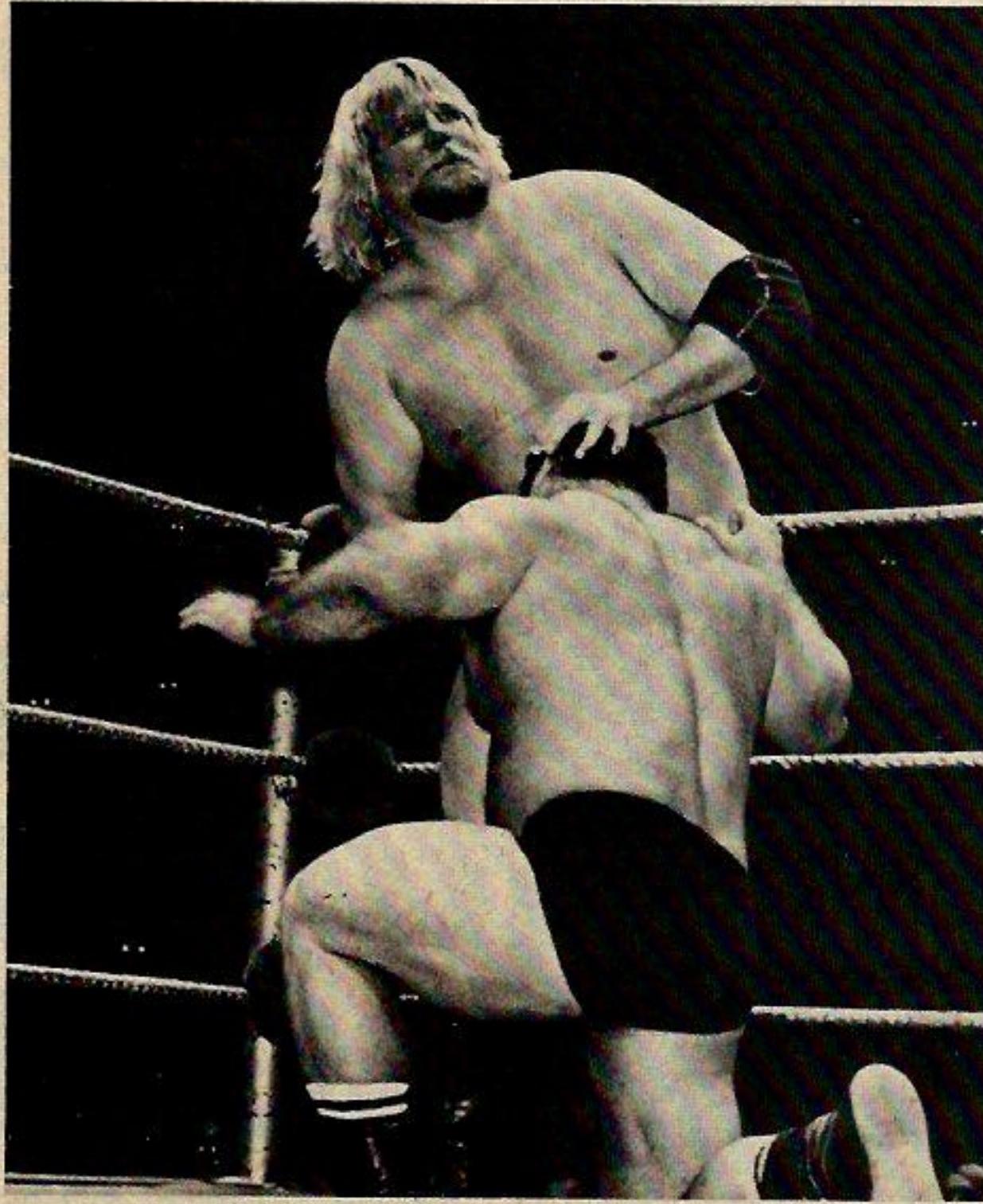
was looking for. For the first time in two months, Putski felt totally confident of his skills and of himself. Now it was time to challenge Hansen again.

Bruno had already exacted his revenge from Stan Hansen, so it was not for Sammartino's sake that Putski wanted this match. Rather, he needed it for his own self-satisfaction. He had to prove to himself—and to his fans—he could defeat the man who sent him to the hospital. And he was confident he could do it.

In the meantime, Hansen was not exactly jumping for joy about Ivan Putski either. "I cannot believe," said Hansen, "that two-bit wrestler with the mind of a three-year-old thinks he can beat me. I walked all over him the last time we wrestled. This makes me mad, damn mad. I am not a playtoy with



After smashing Hansen and flooring him with the "Polish Hammer," Ivan explodes in a fit of anger (above), and yells "Get up you bum! I'm going to destroy you!" But it's the other way around (below) as Hansen takes the upper hand and gives Ivan a few punches in the face.



which Putski can play anytime he wants to. I am a superior athlete. I don't have time to fool around with people like Ivan Putski. He bores the hell out of me!

"I don't know why he insists on having this rematch. The same thing is going to happen. He cannot compare to me. All this talk of his being able to counter my 'lariat' is ludicrous. He can't beat me. He will never be able to beat me. He should stop deluding himself in thinking otherwise."

Still, Stan did have a bit of anxiety coming into this match. He knew all too well what a man bent on revenge could do. After all, Bruno Sammartino had savaged Hansen in their match. Putski just might try to do the same. That was something to worry about.

Ivan was also a bit anxious about the match. He had tried and perfected a maneuver to counter the "lariat," but what if it didn't work? What would Ivan do then? He also had something to worry about going into the match.

It should have been realized by all concerned that no ring would be able to confine the battle these two titans would have. It should also have been realized that no one referee would be able to keep the action clean. Indeed, not even two referees could contain this battle.

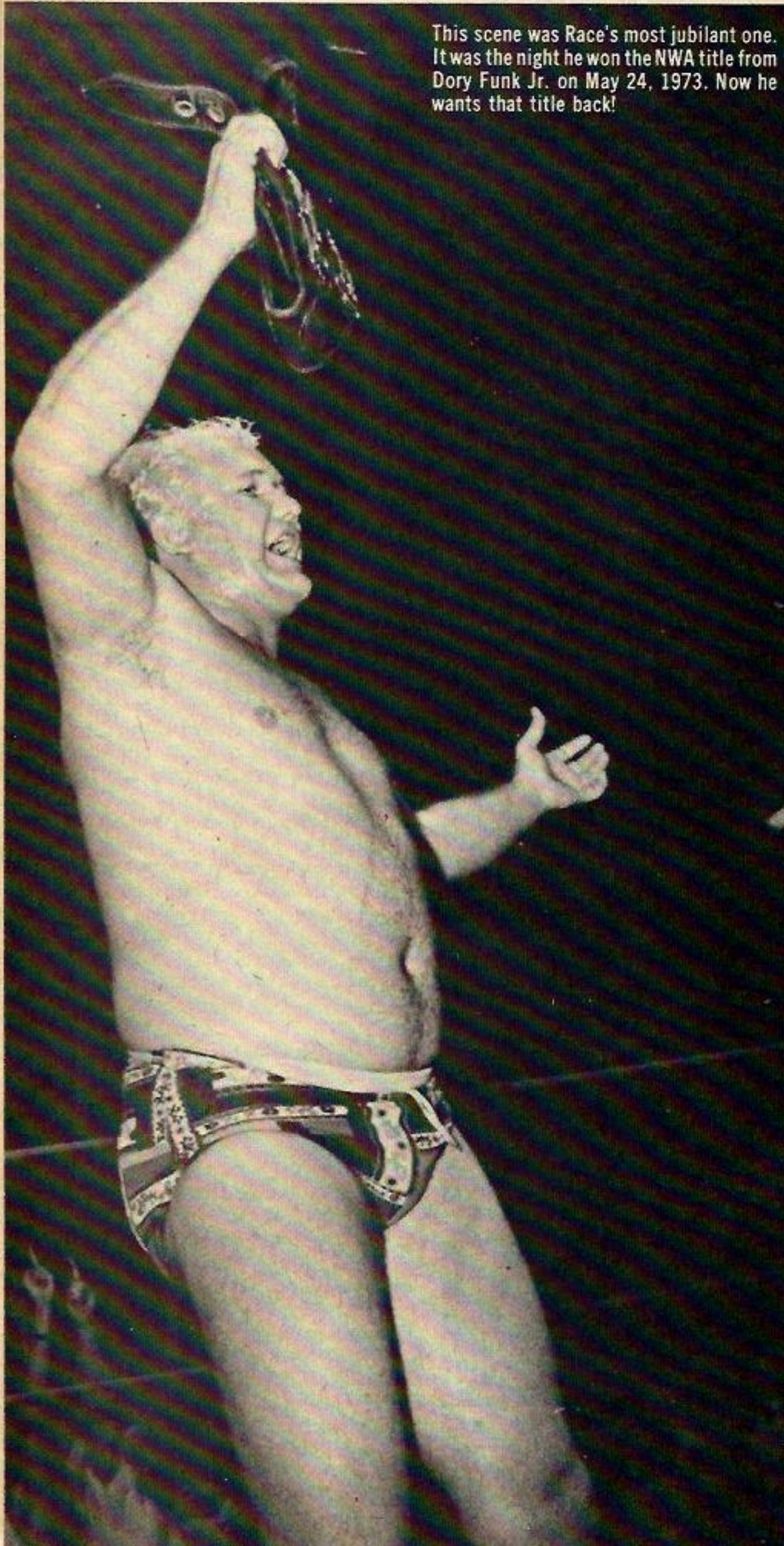
So furiously did these two men battle that they lost all cognizance of others around them. When the referee tried to step in and separate them, one of the contestants—it is unclear which one—pushed him aside and knocked the man to the canvas, rendering him unconscious. A second referee entered the ring, but he also suffered the same fate.

It took several other wrestlers in the arena to finally bring a halt to this furious contest. And when the first referee came to, he disqualified both men.

Though they were separated, Ivan and Stan still yelled insults at each other. They wanted to finish this battle. The other wrestlers wouldn't allow it. Both men demanded a rematch. Both men wanted a chance to battle to the finish.

But no matter what happens, there can be no final battle between these two men. Too much hatred has been built up. They have too large a score to settle. The die is cast. The feud will continue until one man is permanently injured—or killed!

It is not a day to look forward to, but it is coming. And only on that day will this savage feud cease. □



This scene was Race's most jubilant one. It was the night he won the NWA title from Dory Funk Jr. on May 24, 1973. Now he wants that title back!

THE LONG BLACK airport limousine pulled up in front of the multi-storied glass-walled Atlanta hotel. This building, a symbol of the prosperity of the "New South," was a place where distinguished and respected men stayed and did business while in Atlanta.

Out of the limousine stepped Harley Race, decked out in a black suit with gray pinstripes. He was met at the curb by a group of businessmen, all seemingly anxious to meet with the wrestler. They quickly shuttled him inside to one of the hotel's most exclusive meeting rooms.

The meeting seemed to last for an eternity. Harley listened patiently while the other men outlined their grandiose scheme: They wanted to build one of the largest singles resorts in the country. It would be situated an hour outside of Atlanta. The chances for success on this project looked tremendous. All they needed was a

***It's
Taken
Four
Years:
AND NO
IS
CHA***

There are many reasons why a former champion battles to regain a title. For some, it's the end to all their struggles. But for Harley Race, it's only a means to an end; an end you'll be shocked to discover!

little money and an influential name to back them up. That was why Harley had been called to Atlanta.

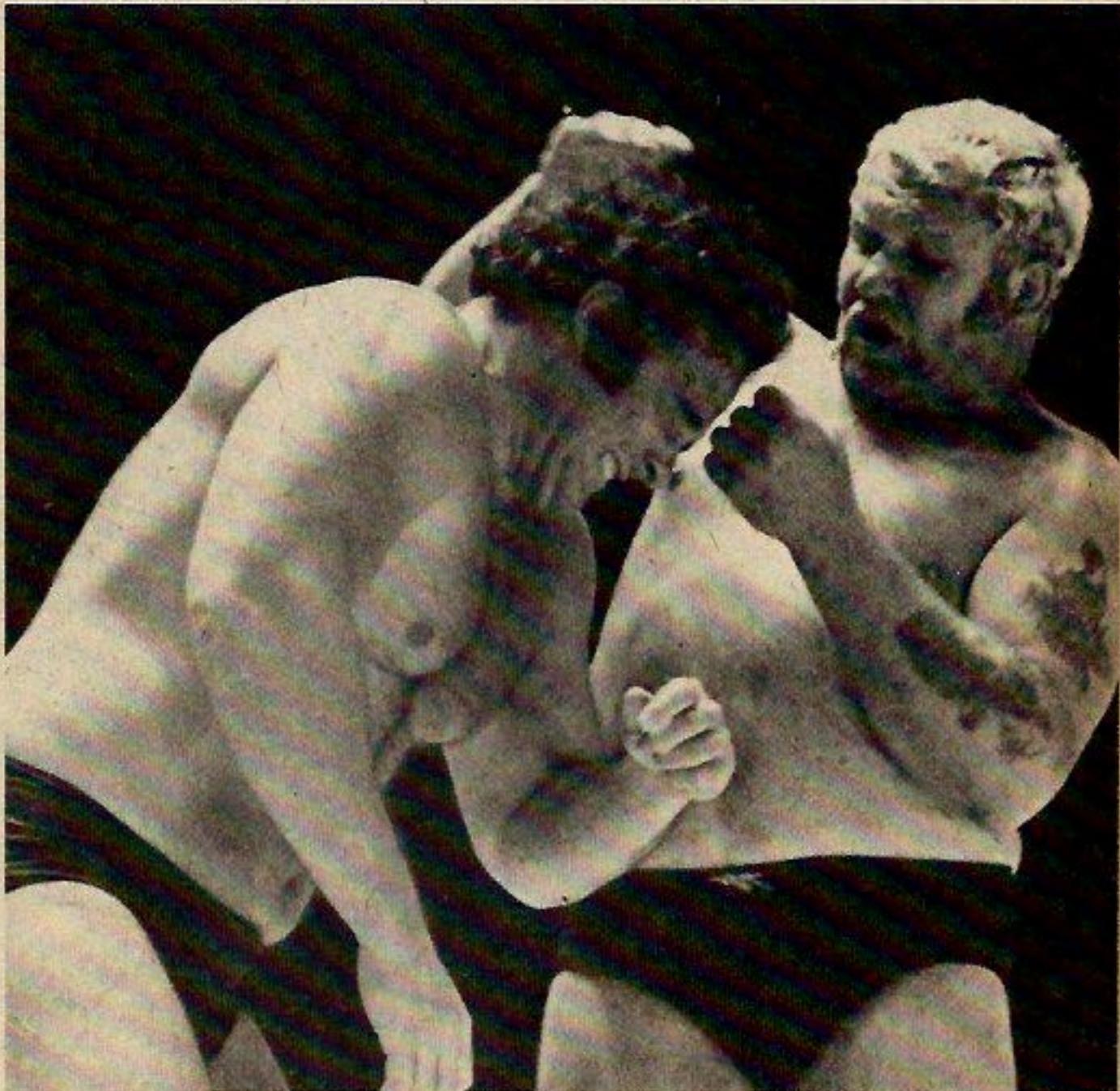
After a few hours of discussion, the group adjourned for lunch. As is proper, the syndicate of businessmen paid for all of Harley's expenses. They were trying to count his favor; the least they could do was to buy him lunch, no matter what Race ate.

After finishing his third steak, Harley addressed the men about the proposition they were offering. "Gentlemen," he began, "I think your idea is one of the best ones I have heard in a long time. It has great potential, shows well-organized planning, and I think it could be one of the greatest projects the 'New South' has ever seen."

"I would love to become involved with this deal. It could make us all very wealthy men, if it succeeds. If you feel I have the prestige and influence to help you in this venture, then I would be glad to join you. However, there is the matter of money. To be frank, I do not have the amount of cash you need on hand. While I do make a considerable amount of money from my wrestling, I do not make the kind of money that, say, a champion makes."

One of the men at the table immediately reacted to Race's statement: "Why don't you become champion? After all, you were champion once. Why can't you be champion again?"

(Continued on page 50)



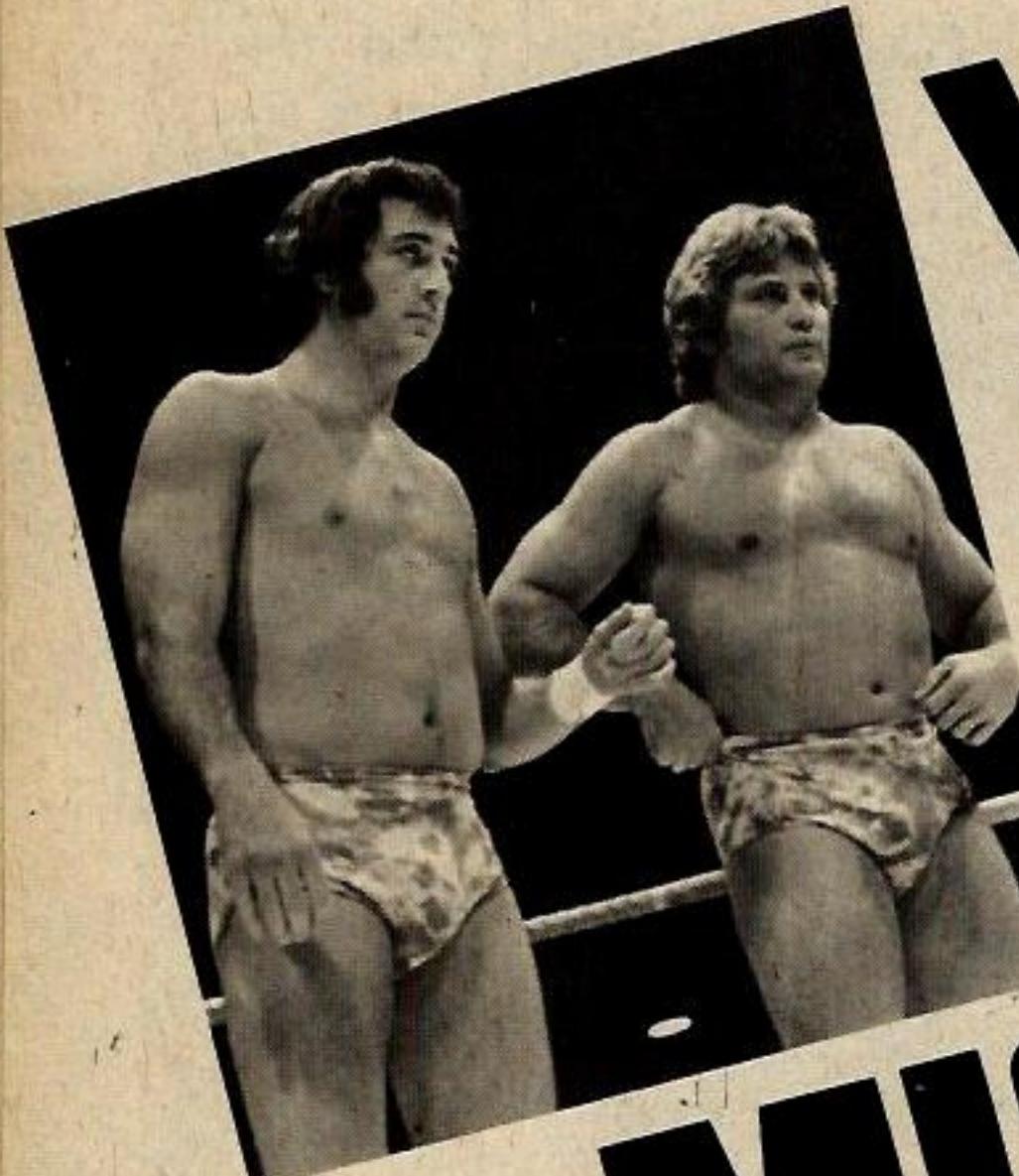
Harley Race smashes his fist into the forehead of Mark Lewin. Race is taking on all comers in his attempt to regain the NWA title. He has started to campaign all over the NWA area, and currently has one of the most recent steady winning streaks notched up for him.

NOW HARLEY RACE READY TO BE CHAMPION AGAIN!

YOUNG MEN ON A MISSION

PHOTOS BY BOB RUIZ

Jim Brunzell and Greg Gagne are what the sport of wrestling should be all about: honest, scientific, and dignified. They are also ambitious. This pair is sworn to win the AWA tag team championship!



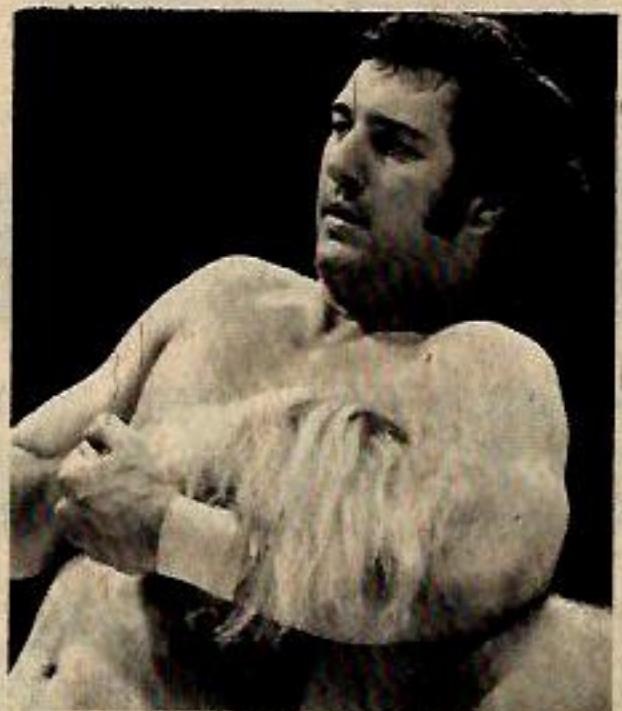
THE TAG TEAM match was only a few minutes old when two spectators walked out in disgust. Jim Brunzell and Greg Gagne had seen this type of tag team wrestling too many times before.

Brunzell and Gagne are young, innovative, and imaginative. Not satisfied with the usual tag team methods, they yearn to make this facet of the sport many times more complex and exciting. They look upon even the greatest of tag teams as primitive embarrassments that will be laughed at

in 10 years as hopelessly clumsy and simple.

After listening to them and watching them train, one suspects they may be right. And seeing their excitement as the expansion of tag team frontiers is discussed, one knows only good can come from their unique experiments.

"It's incredible," Gagne exclaims, "how simple most teams are! You would think they'd get bored with themselves after two matches. Guys who've been together for years must have melted brains. Do you realize there hasn't been a real innovation in tag team wrestling for over 20 years? You can't name another sport with that horrible a record. Solo wrestling



Jacques Goulet is trapped in a painful headlock applied by the ever-improving young Greg Gagne.



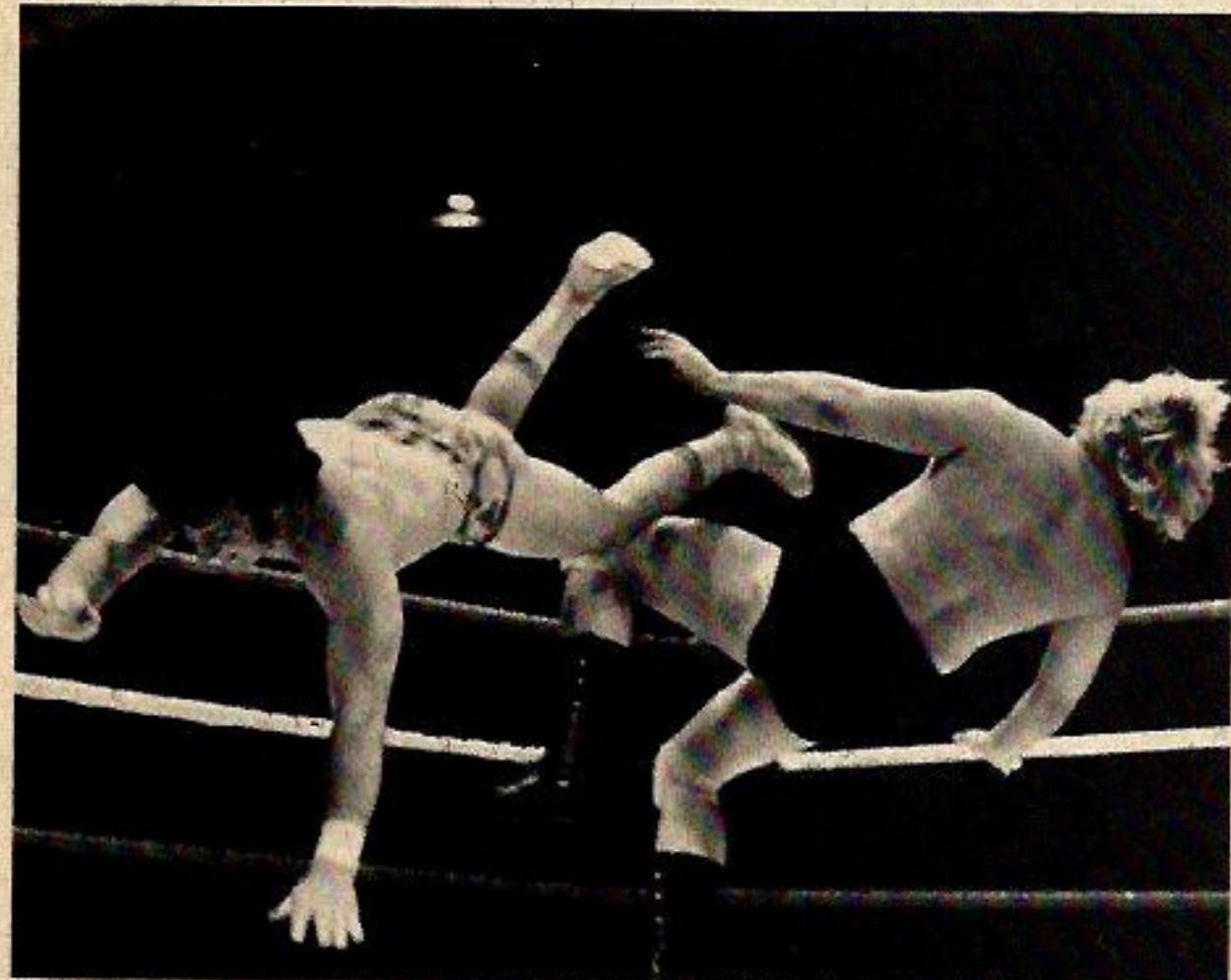
Gagne and Brunzell have learned to be rough when the occasion calls for it. When did you see two guys who stick by the rules doubleteam a vicious rulebreaker like Mad Dog Vachon (above). Greg and Jim will go that route and do it well, if necessary. Bobby Duncum falls as the flying feet of Greg Gagne do damage to the man from Texas (below).

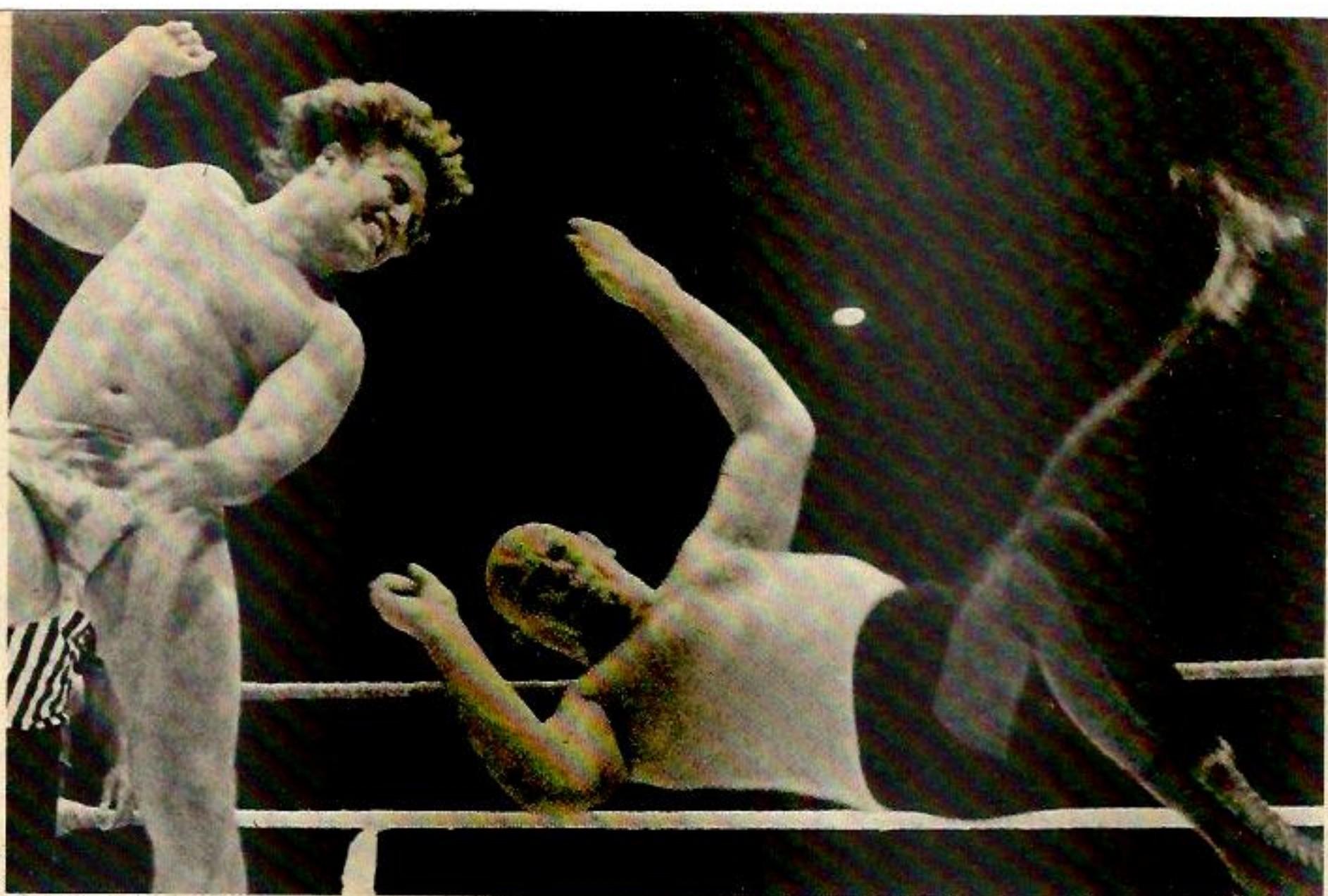
has continued to grow. It has become better and more exciting. The whole concept of tag team wrestling just lies there. People are looking at it all wrong."

"It's like this, Jim believes, "in tag team wrestling, too much emphasis is on the individual. Even the best teams aren't really 'teams' in the true sense of the word. All they are really are two individuals who seem to work together well. There's no reason for a tag team unless the team is better than the two individuals who comprise it. If you're as good alone as you are in a team, why bother being part of a team?"

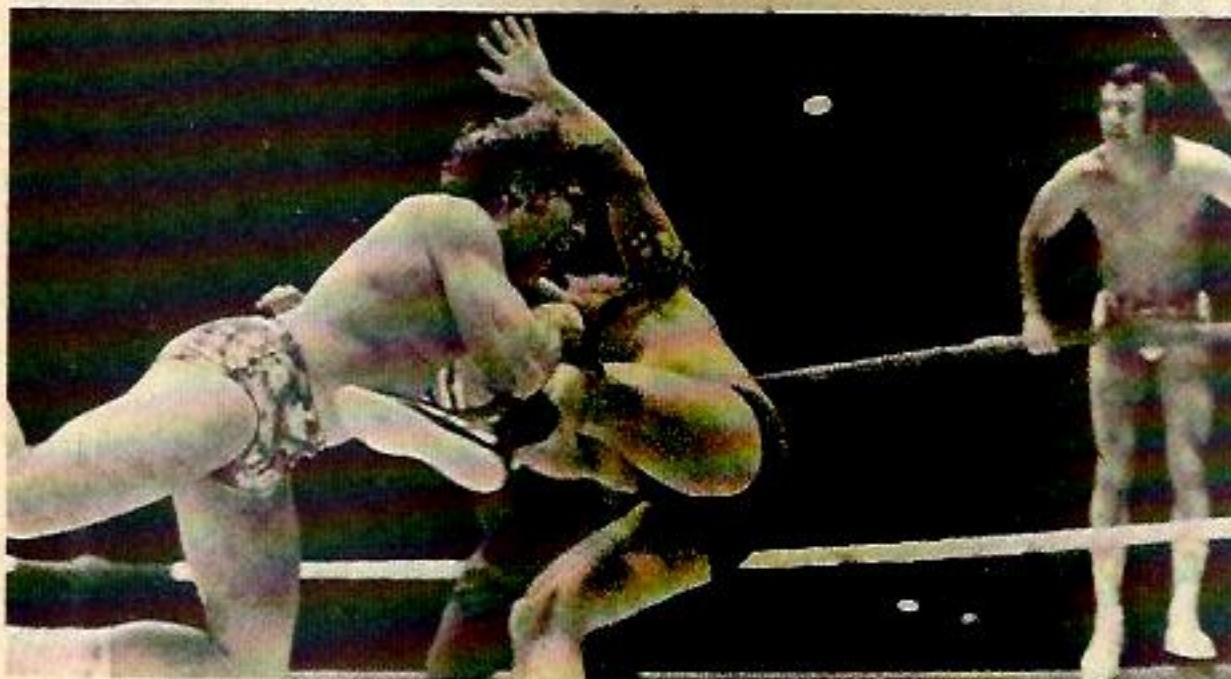
We're going to gain something from being a team. I want people to say, 'Together, those guys are better than they could ever be alone. How is that possible?' It's possible because we're trying to be a team! And we're thinking like a team!"

It may be exciting, but it's also very tough. The men figure 90% of what they attempt fails. It's all new and frustrating. Ideas spring from fertile brains only to be dismissed when they fail to live up to the pair's high standards. Most people would be





Jim Brunzell backdrops the animalistic Baron Fritz Von Raschke (above). Bobby Heenan gets a ramming from Jim (below), as Heenan decides to join Duncum and Von Raschke against the "High Fliers."



discouraged by the incessant failure, painful mistakes, and days wasted. Greg and Jim are not like most people.

"A lot of people look at what we're doing," Greg says, "and wonder why we bother with only a 10% chance of success. Hell, most great discoveries take thousands of attempts. We're striking paydirt one out of every 10 times. That's remarkable."

"The trouble with wrestlers today is that they're mentally lazy. So accustomed are they to traditional methods, they don't even consider there might be better ways. We're finding the better ways by building on

the past. We're looking to other sports for ideas, and even researching unrelated areas like aerodynamics and psychology. So far, we've found a few interesting ideas that still need to be adapted correctly. But the answers are out there if we just keep looking."

"If we're successful," Brunzell adds, "tag team wrestling will be completely changed in a decade. It will be a lot more complex and much more exciting. We're explorers searching out new frontiers."

What brought this pair to attempt these explorations?

"We both knew there was something

missing in tag team wrestling," Jim relates, "but didn't know anyone who agreed with the idea. I was in a dressing room with Greg, explaining my theories to another wrestler. He listened for a couple of minutes and then pointed me toward Greg, saying, 'That guy's just as crazy as you.'"

"He was right," Greg adds, "I am just as crazy. After our matches, he went to a restaurant and talked for hours. We didn't stop until the sun came up. And we were partners."

We'd been working on similar ideas separately, not really believing anyone else really cared. I couldn't believe Jim existed, thinking the same thoughts I did. And we had known each other since college! Though I'd been up all night, after our meeting I rushed home and developed more strategies."

"It's a lot better," Jim concurs, "when you can think of a specific person as your partner. Once I knew Greg was with me, I could design things that would take advantage of Greg's abilities. Also, two heads are always better than one. It's much easier when another mind is helping solve problems and adding ideas."

"Within a year," Jim declares, "we'll be tearing the AWA apart. They won't know what hit them. No tag team in the world will get near us."

Welcome to the era of Greg Gagne and Jim Brunzell. It promises to be one very exciting time. □

WHY THE FANS CHEERED WHEN DUSTY RHODES WENT BERSERK



PHOTOS BY DON DELEON

Most of the time, uncontrolled savagery is inexcusable. But on one special night, the unforgivable brought Dusty Rhodes to most astonishing victory of his entire career!

RHODES AND STEVENS—they were friends once. But that was many years ago. Things change. People change. Nothing stays the same.

Yet don't try to convince Ray Stevens that things don't stay the same. He could argue—quite easily—that the more things change, the more they stay the same. Just look at Dusty Rhodes, and what he did to Ray.

There was a time when Dusty and Ray were friends in the same association. Their styles were similar—ruthless, brutal, and bloody. They were among the most hated rulebreakers in the sport. Though they never teamed together, they admired each other.

But Dusty mended his ways. He sought to become a fan favorite. He needed to hear cheers instead of boos.

And for the most part, he succeeded in his venture. He became "The American Dream," and wrestling fans everywhere loved him for it.

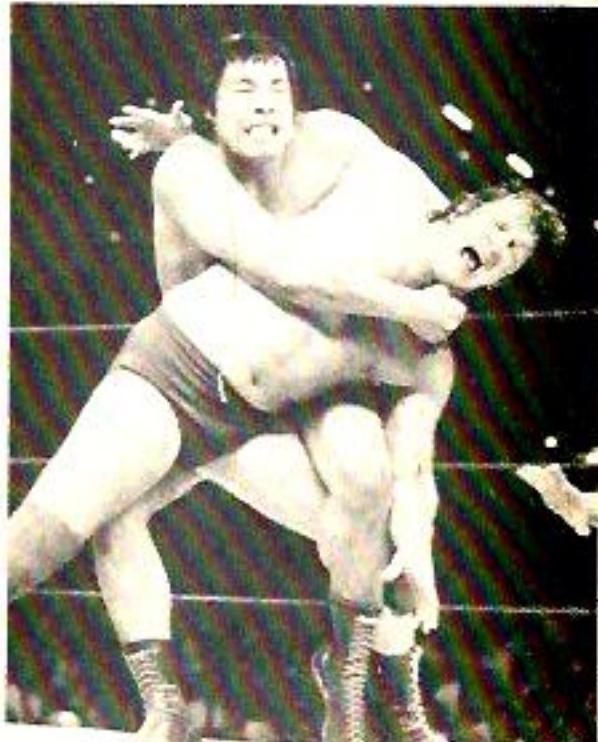
Ray Stevens never saw any reason to change his ways. He enjoyed being a rulebreaker. He seemed to thrive on using less-than-legal tactics on helpless opponents. Therefore, Ray could never understand why Dusty had gone

(Continued on page 52)

When Terry Funk took his NWA title to Japan, no one was quite sure what would happen. Even the wildest prediction, however, was beggared by the remarkable events of a stay no one will ever forget!

PHOTOS BY KOICHI YOSHIZAWA

NOW TERRY FUNK IS CHAMPION OF ALL THE W



THE TELEGRAM FROM NWA headquarters read: "You have 60 days in which to defend your title against Baba the Giant and Tommy Tsuruta in Japan. If you fail to do so, we will declare your title vacant and have a tournament to name a new champion."

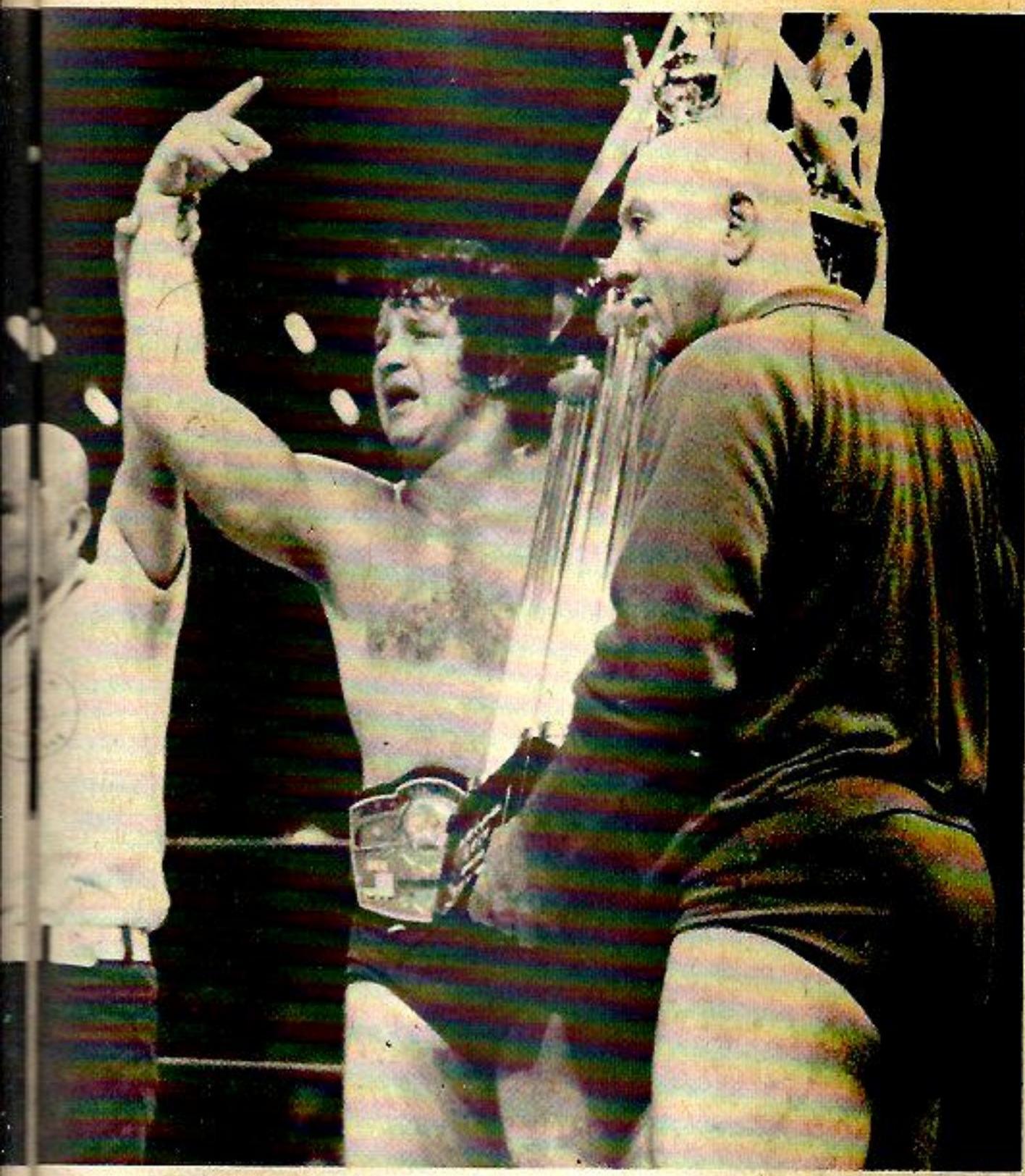
Terry Funk read the telegram over and over again. Who were they to tell him how to be champion? What if he didn't feel like going to Japan in two months. They would take away his title, that's what.

Funk had been hesitating to venture into Japan, remembering what had happened to ex-champion Jack Brisco on his last visit. Brisco had lost the belt

to Baba, though he had won it back a week later. Jack had come back complaining of referees favoring the Japanese stars, crowds mercilessly screaming in a language he didn't understand (though their hatred for him was obvious), and the lonely despair after losing. Terry didn't look forward to any of it.

Also, Terry had heard reports regarding Tommy Tsuruta's improvement. The wrestler was said to be much better than when he wrestled in the United States. A coach had given him some quite useful advice, thus making him that much more effective. Many claimed Tommy was now more dangerous than Baba the





WORLD!

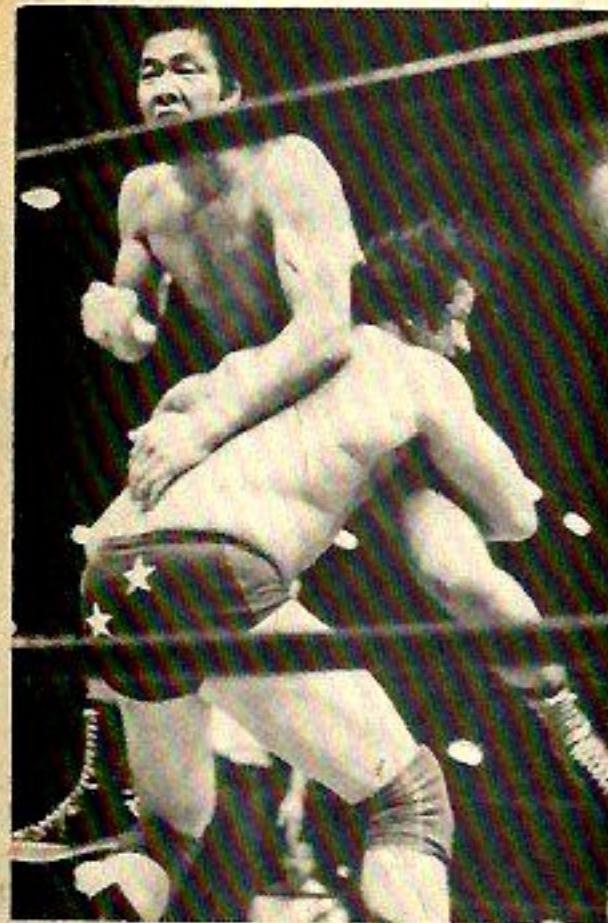
Giant. To make that claim believable, it was reported Baba was purposely avoiding Tsuruta, a course any wrestler who wished to keep his title would do well to imitate.

All in all, Funk would rather have gone to any place but Japan. Still, he didn't have much choice. The disgrace of being unceremoniously stripped of the title was really no choice at all. He was compelled to go to Japan, no matter how much he hated the idea. When he came back, Terry Funk would either be a world champion or an ex-champion. Terry was on a jet for Japan 38 days before the deadline set by the NWA.

The first scheduled match pitted

Terry against Tommy Tsuruta. The crowd filled the arena to the rafters. Shouts from the spectators nearly split the eardrum. An American observer couldn't understand what they were saying, but he breathed a sigh of relief the insults weren't directed at him. Funk didn't want a translation, fearing it was probably worse than he imagined.

When the two men entered the arena, every fan was on his feet. Tsuruta grinned from ear to ear, rather delighted with life. This was the moment he had been waiting for all his life, the moment when all the years of training and sacrifice would pay off. Every fan in the arena had heard



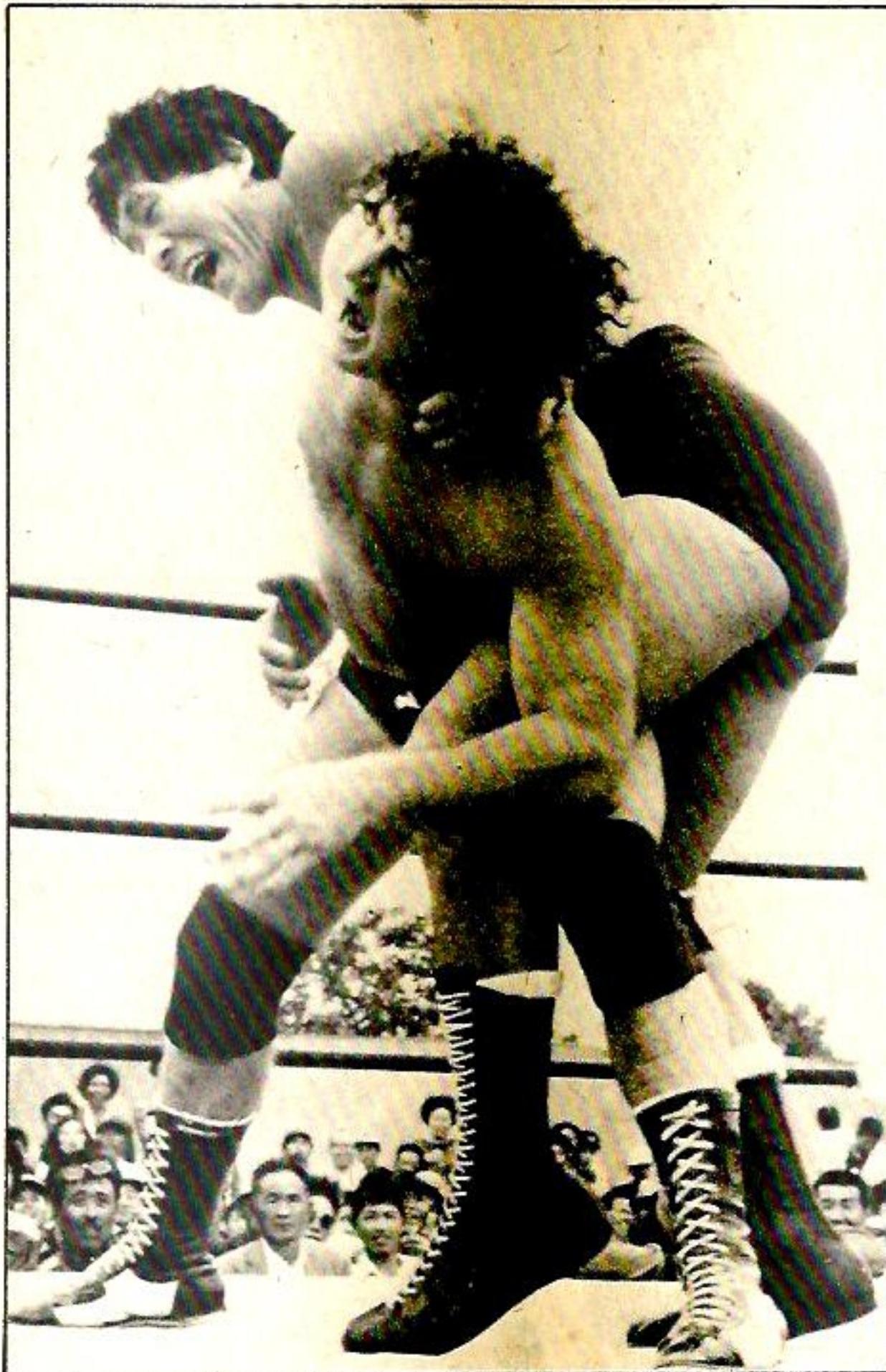
Tsuruta comes off the ropes and Terry tries to trap him in a bearhug (above). The match is all over (left), and the NWA king is awarded a trophy (left). He congratulates the beaten Tsuruta (below) for a great match.



Tommy's pronouncements before the match and hoped they were predictions.

"Funk didn't want to come to Japan," Tommy had exclaimed, "and I'm flattered he fears me. These past six months have been the best of my life. Everything has finally come together for me, physically and mentally. I'm at my wrestling peak with a chance for the title. The people of Japan, my people, deserve a title. I want to win it for them." Tommy smiled happily before concluding. "I also want to win it for me. Yes, I'd like to be champion!"

The personable young man received a standing ovation when introduced



before the match. Funk was greeted with a chorus of boos, needing no translation. From the opening moments, however, Terry proved himself a champion. And even Tsuruta at his peak couldn't do anything to change that.

Not to say it wasn't a tough defense for Funk; it was perhaps the toughest of his reign. Tsuruta enjoys a vast repertoire of wrestling maneuvers. His complex strategies would have most wrestlers confused and desperate. Though all of Funk's counter-maneuvers weren't strictly legal, they all were effective. And that's what counts, especially in a championship match.

Funk needn't have feared the

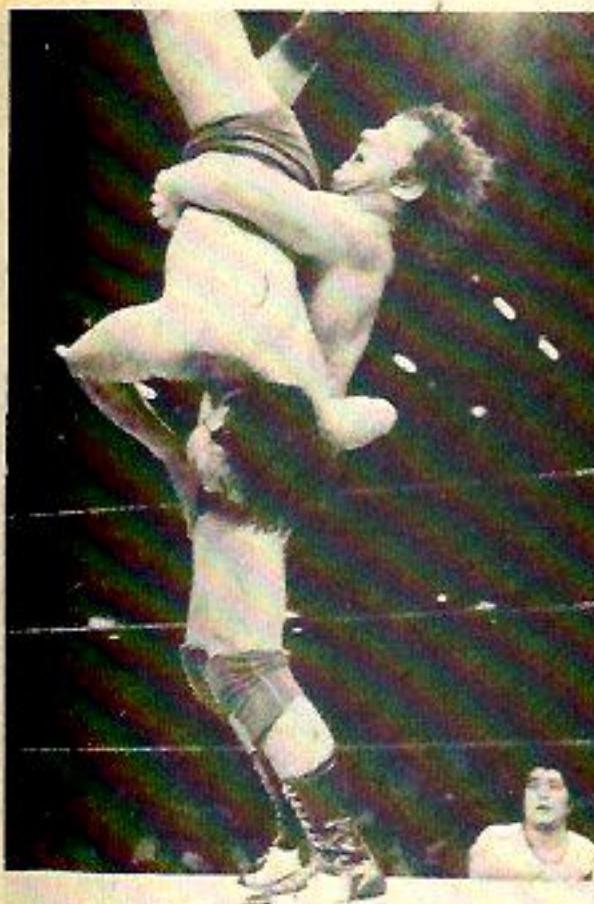
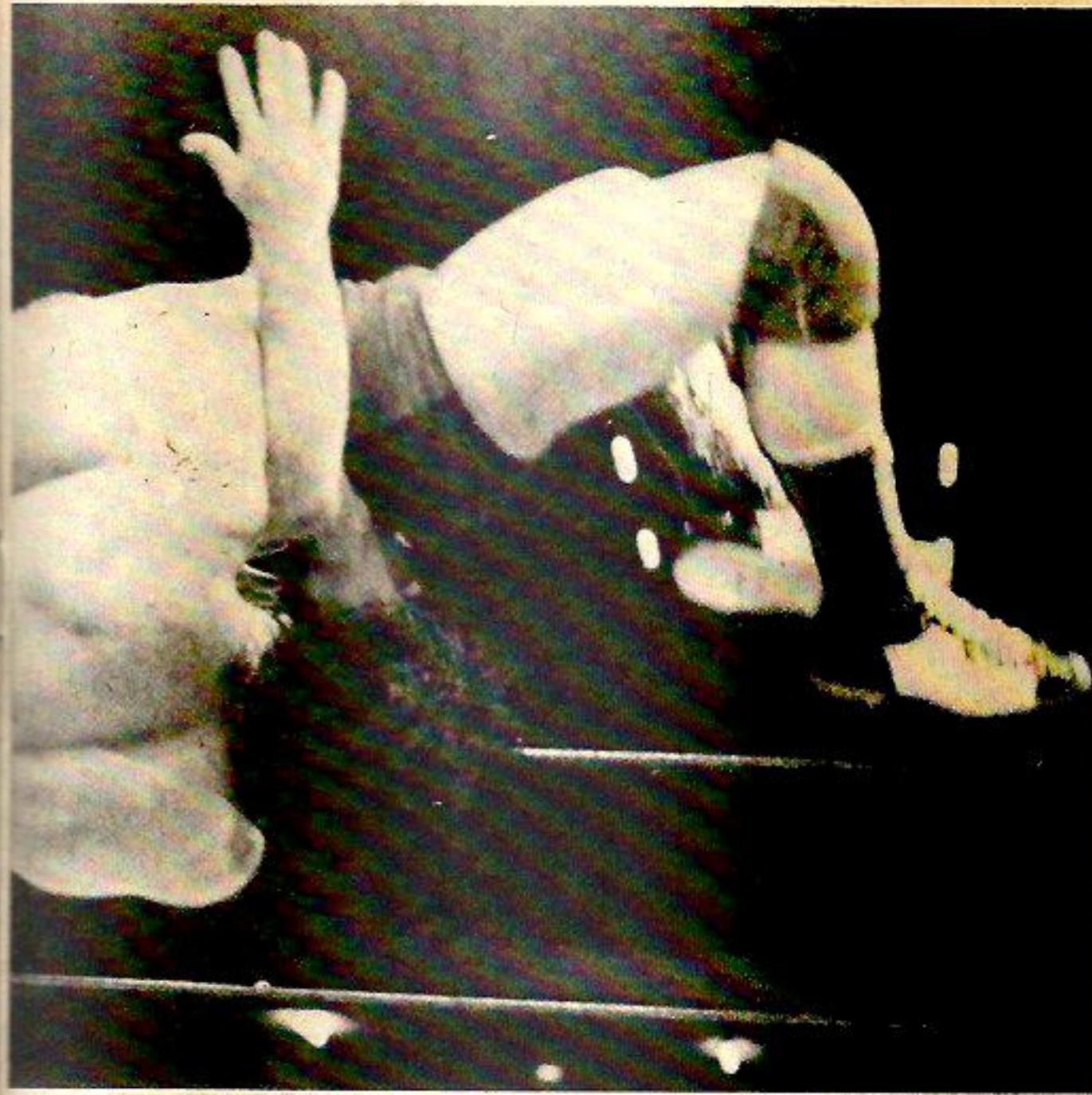
Japanese referees. They were scrupulously honest. They let Terry get away with some questionable moves that most American referees would have warned him about. They gave the champion every chance and threatened him only when forced.

The match lasted for close to 30 minutes; half an hour of furious action prevailed. Tsuruta went from being confident to determined to desperate. His chance of a lifetime was slipping away. All his strategies were proving fruitless. The young man became frustrated, wild, and ineffectually reckless. The crowd's mood went from celebratory to worried. They sensed this would not be their night of triumph.

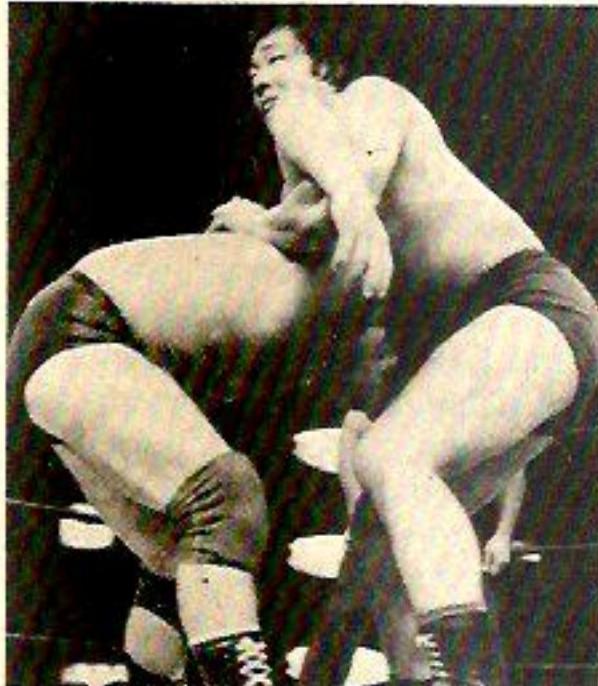


Baba snares Terry in an abdominal stretch (left). The brawl is taken outside the ring (below) as Baba is ready to bash Terry's head into a hard press table. A perfect suplex by Tommy Tsuruta (above) almost meant the end for the NWA champion.





Funk returns the favor by using a suplex slam on Tsuruta (above). Tsuruta tries for another suplex (below, far left), but Terry's resistance is just too much for the Japanese star. Getting Tsuruta in position for a surfboard (below left) was not too difficult for Terry, once he wore his opponent down and took full advantage of the situation.



And in the end, Terry retained his title. It was a brutal triumph, the sweetest type of victory for Funk.

"When I get back to the States," Terry shouted at Tsuruta, "I'll tell them just how good you are! And I'll tell them how you're not good enough!"

Tsuruta didn't answer. He was trying to hard to hold back the sobs choking his throat.

Back in the dressing room, Terry told reporters, "One down, one to go. Baba is going to learn I'm no Jack Brisco. Terry Funk is no chump. I

destroyed Tsuruta and Baba is next. Tell him he can forfeit the match and save himself the humiliation. I'm not a mean champion."

Of course, Baba didn't forfeit the match. Having once worn the NWA belt, even though it was only for one week, makes a man need to wear it again. Baba wanted the title back more than anything else in the world.

A week after wrestling Tsuruta, Terry battled Baba. It's astonishing the champion could be in two tough matches in that short a time and survive, much less triumph. Yet, that's

exactly what Terry accomplished!

From the beginning, Funk was on the warpath. The aggressor at all times, Terry never let Baba get set. The gargantuan grappler tried every trick in the book to stop the champion's assault and failed. Terry was riding high and a tornado couldn't interfere!

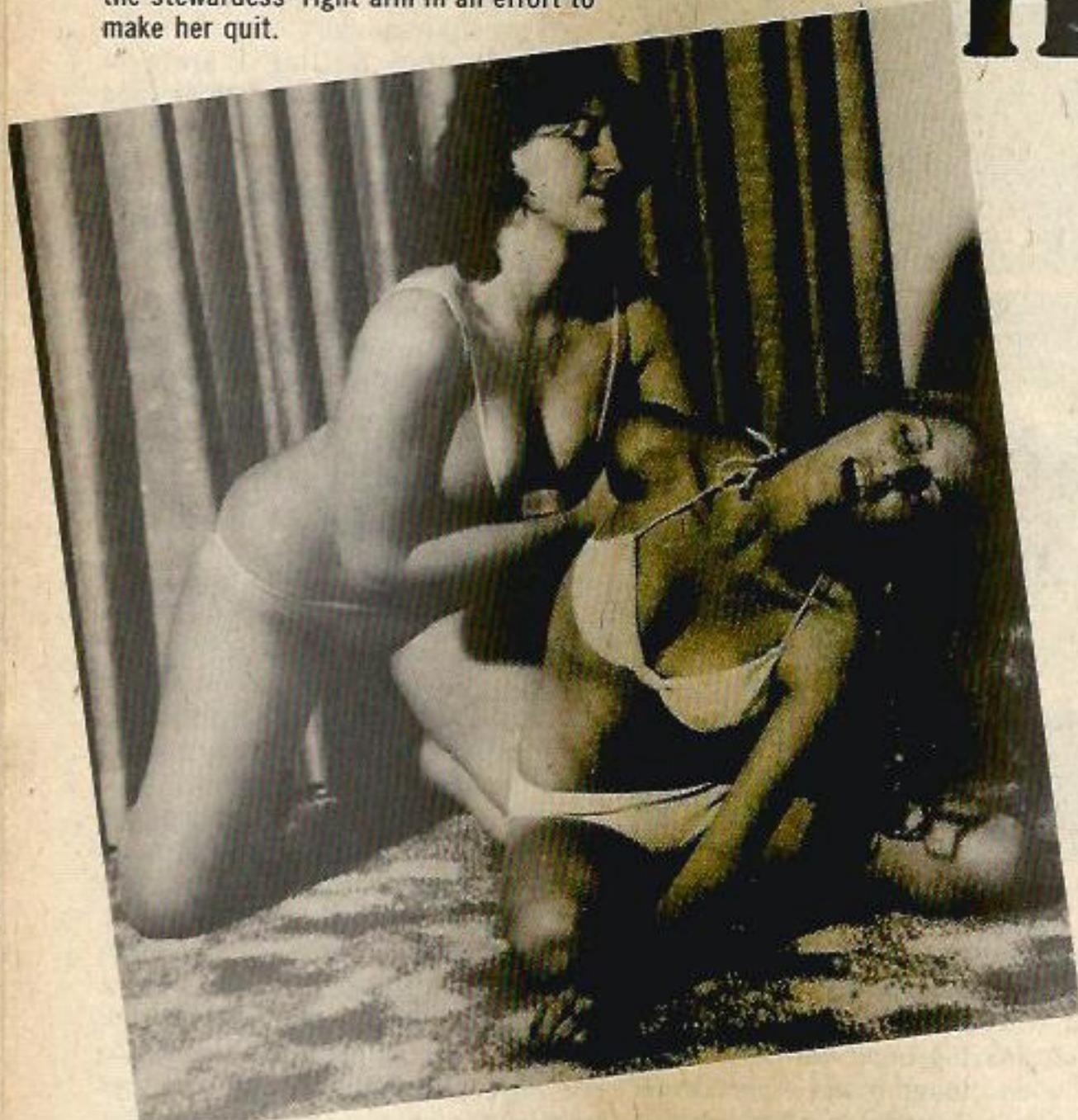
It was a rough match. Again the rules took the soundest beating of all. Again, the Japanese referees were more than fair. Even if he had failed to win, Funk couldn't complain about their judgement. In the end, Terry couldn't complain about anything—he'd retained the title. Baba had put up a valiant struggle, but it was not enough.

Once again, Terry's victory speech was less than gracious as he shouted at his beaten foe, "Now cry to the commission you're not good enough to be champion! Think up another excuse to steal my title, loser!"

The next day, Terry and the NWA belt jetted back to the United States. The trip Funk was forced to make had ended. Terry was now the undisputed champion. That's all the commission wanted. That's just what the championship needed. □



Above: Jenny has Camille in a painful armlock, while at the same time sinking her teeth into the nurse's flesh. Below: Jenny moans in agony as Camille twists the stewardess' right arm in an effort to make her quit.



The N The S THE A **WRESTLING** **BOTH** **HAD TO**

THE TWO WOMEN grunted and groaned as they rolled around the spacious penthouse floor, pitting every ounce of strength and energy against each other. Rarely had the *avant garde* crowd seen anything like it.

The floor shook every time one of the women crashed down on it. Many of the male spectators wore a pained expression whenever one of the young women did so.

On the surface, through the eyes of the tuxedoed elite, a spectacle took place, an athletic event—the newest and most popular sporting craze in America—known simply as Apartment Wrestling. It has become the symbol of the 1970s.

Apartment Wrestling symbolizes the wedding of the erotic and athletic. It is two women battling to the finish in a way that only women can. It is for the most competitive females in the world. The two women in this particular match, Jennifer (known to her friends as "Jenny") and Camille, were as

Success in apartment wrestling brings a woman fame and glory, the admiration of the world's most powerful people. So why did two stunning beauties battle furiously—for failure?

urse & ewardess PARTMENT STRUGGLE VIXENS LOSE!

fierce competitors as Apartment Wrestling has ever seen.

Jenny had never lost in athletic competition, and that includes several apartment struggles against larger, faster, and stronger women. To those who follow Apartment Wrestling closely, Jenny was rapidly becoming a legend.

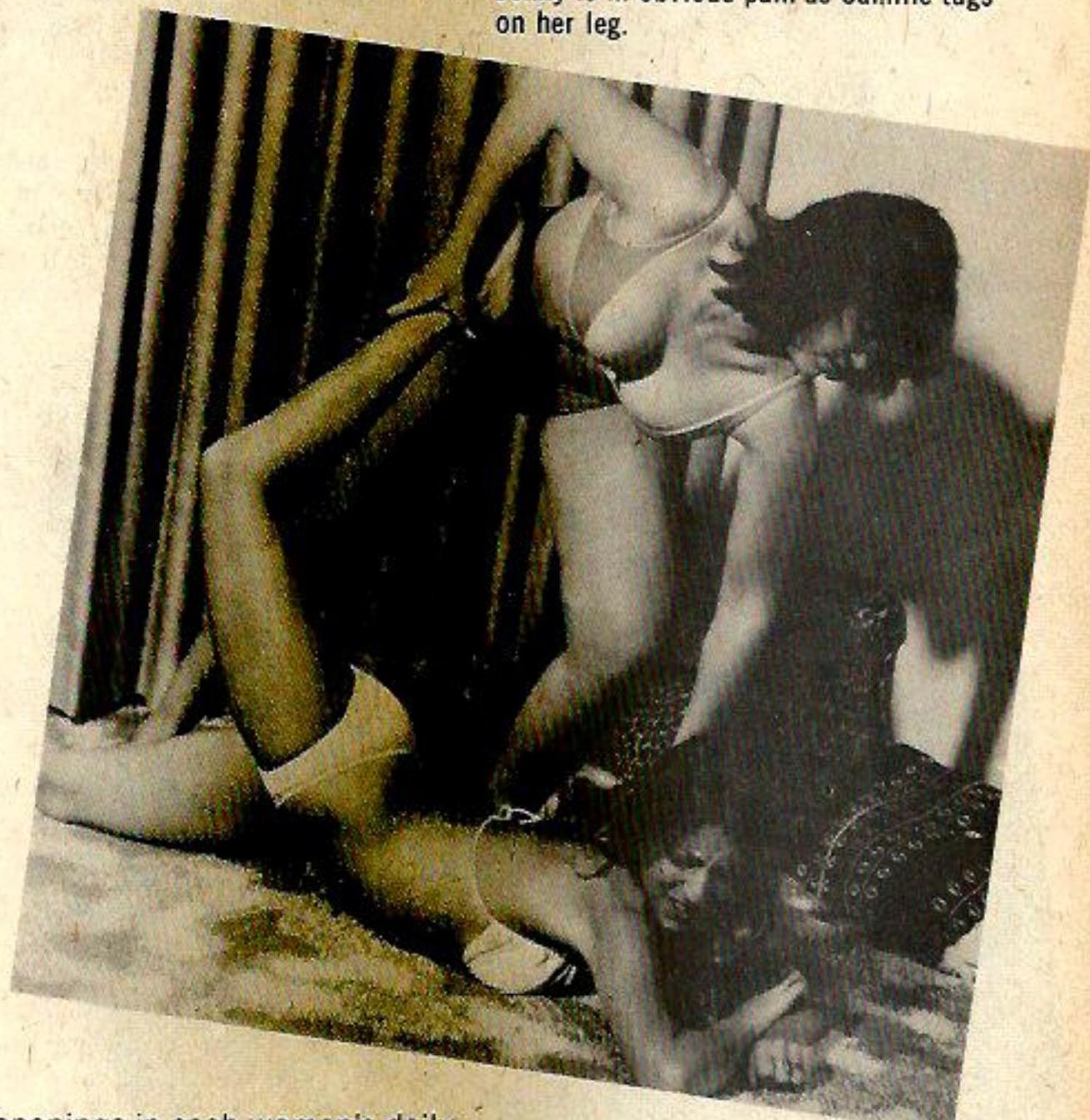
Her opponent, Camille, was a well-endowed specimen of femininity with every bit as much heart as Jenny. To Camille, D-E-F-E-A-T was a word she wasn't familiar with. Defeat was something Camille handed to other women.

That one word, that two syllable sound so familiar to the negative thinkers of this world, was to play a major role in this match, however. For in this match, although each woman would give everything she had to give—until she had nothing more to offer—defeat was something each young beauty secretly hoped for. Deep inside her heart, Camille wanted to lose. Deep within that fiery heart of Jennifer lay the secret desire to be defeated. Like a dormant volcano, expected never to awaken again and destroy all within its path, the desire to lose was stirred by the inescapable

happenings in each woman's daily life.

Jenny was an airline stewardess. She enjoyed her job as a "glorified waitress," as she called it. Running up and down the aisles of today's luxury superjets, she liked to think

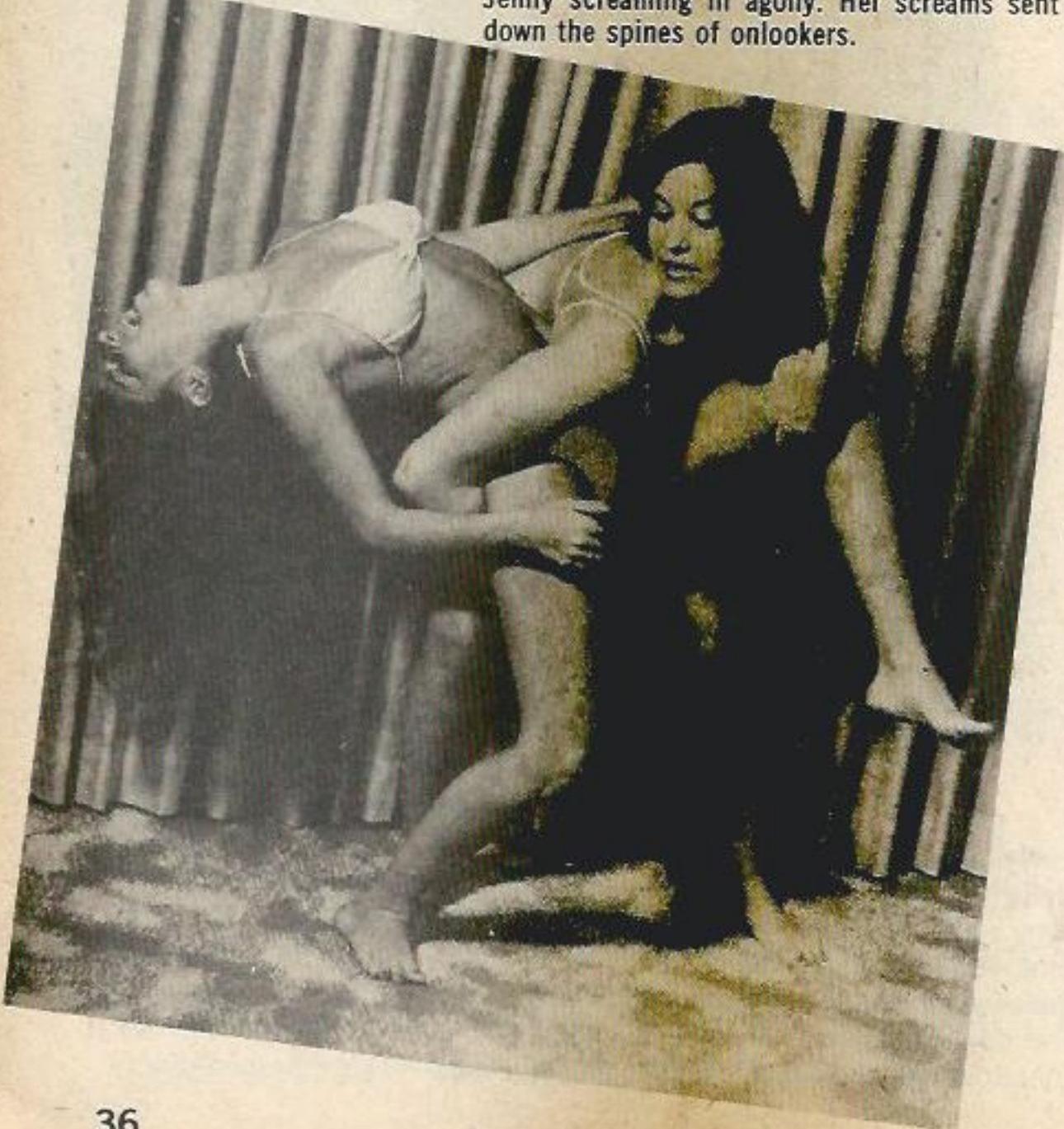
Above: Although Camille appears to be in trouble here, she was able to use her strength to work free. Below: Pretty Jenny is in obvious pain as Camille tugs on her leg.



she covered more miles than the aircraft being flown. All the running, bending, reaching and lifting served as Jenny's training. It kept her stomach flat, and her velvety legs—legs that would stay



Camille, with a hold on Jenny's right leg (above), topples the stewardess after catching one of her powerful kicks. The sheer power of Camille (below) has Jenny screaming in agony. Her screams sent chills down the spines of onlookers.



in a passenger's mind for weeks after he departed the aircraft—trim, lithe, and ultra-desirable.

Being a stewardess is not half as glamorous as the job has been made out to be over the years. It is boring, tedious, hard labor. But to Jenny, who loves the company of and waiting on and serving other people, the job is fun. Over the years, Jenny has found that she can manipulate any man as if he were silly putty. Being a stewardess, Jenny has found she is subject to many a grumpy businessman, who expects to be waited on hand and foot. For him, lovely Jennifer has an extra supply of charm. Hardly a man who has



The attractive stewardess takes to the air as she prepares to land with both feet on Camille's stomach (above). The nurse took the blow better than most women could have.

been exposed to it hasn't been reduced to a quivering little boy within minutes.

On many occasions, Jennifer must reach over two people in order to serve a person sitting in a window seat. As she reaches, her already short skirt rides up even higher than the 35,000 feet she is working at. Necks stretch and crane all the way down the aisle to get a glimpse of her. The more they saw, the more they wanted to see.

Each man became his own quiet rooting section as more and more of Jenny became visible. How well she realized this, but it's all part of being a stewardess. Anyhow, Jenny was proud of what nature gave her, and if the male passengers on board enjoyed their flight that much more by looking at her, then let them look, she figured.

"They see more of me in a bathing suit at the beach," Jenny chuckled to herself as she thought of the wild fantasies that must be racing through every man's head. A sly smile creased her moist, soft lips as she turned and went on to the next passengers.

As the huge jet prepared for landing, it flew over a large metropolis hospital. In the emergency room, a doctor shouted to a nurse, "Camille, hook this guy up to an intravenous line immediately!" Swiftly, professionally, and without taking a moment to think, Camille, a well-endowed brunette, scurried about the emergency room gathering the needed life-support equipment. Several other nurses scampered to and fro, but they all looked like amateurs compared to Camille. They also looked like little girls when compared to Camille. She was so full of energy, loveliness—and womanhood.

After a while, the crisis over and the patient's life saved, the doctor took Camille's hand and said, "Thanks, doll, I couldn't have done it without you. Come on, I'll buy you a cup of coffee."

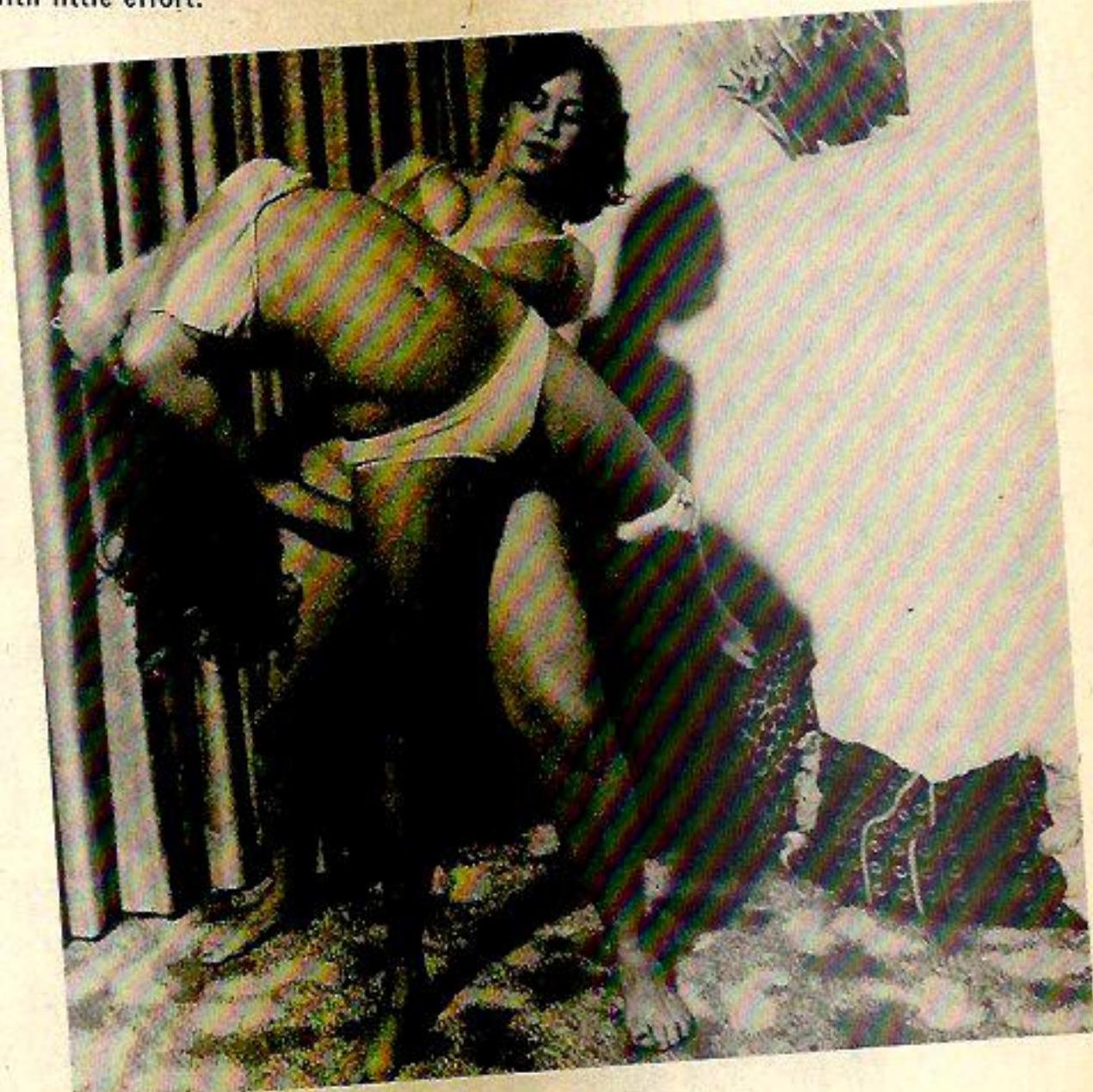
As they sat in the hospital cafeteria drinking coffee and talking, the doctor said, "You know, Camille, you're an amazing woman. Is there anything you can't do?" The two shared a tender laugh. Then he added, "Are you up for another challenge this weekend? I know of a woman they say is unbeatable."

"I," snapped Camille, with emphasis on the word, "am unbeatable. Not her!" Then she said, "However, I'm afraid I've got to curtail my apartment wrestling activities. I'm getting to be quite

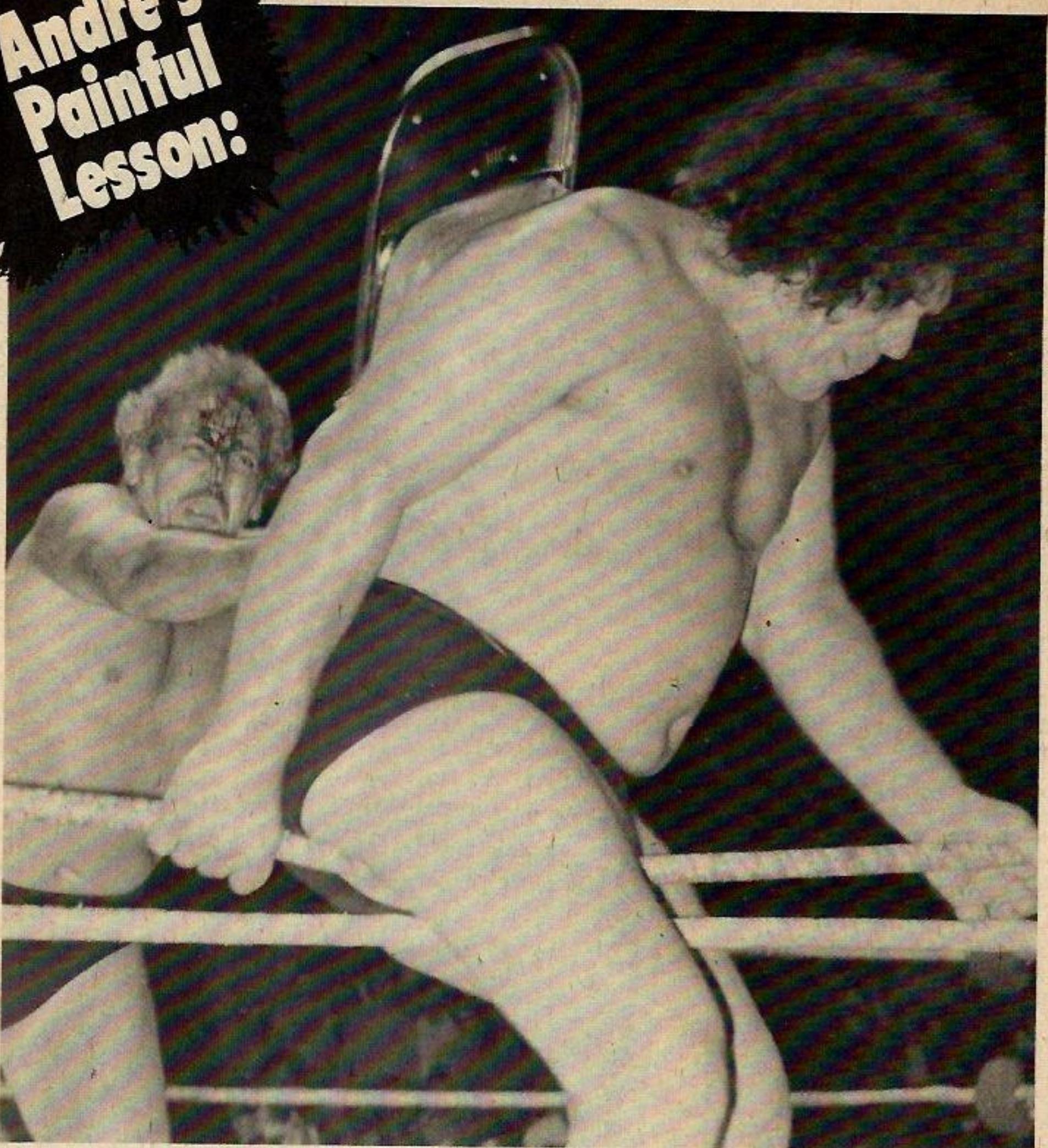
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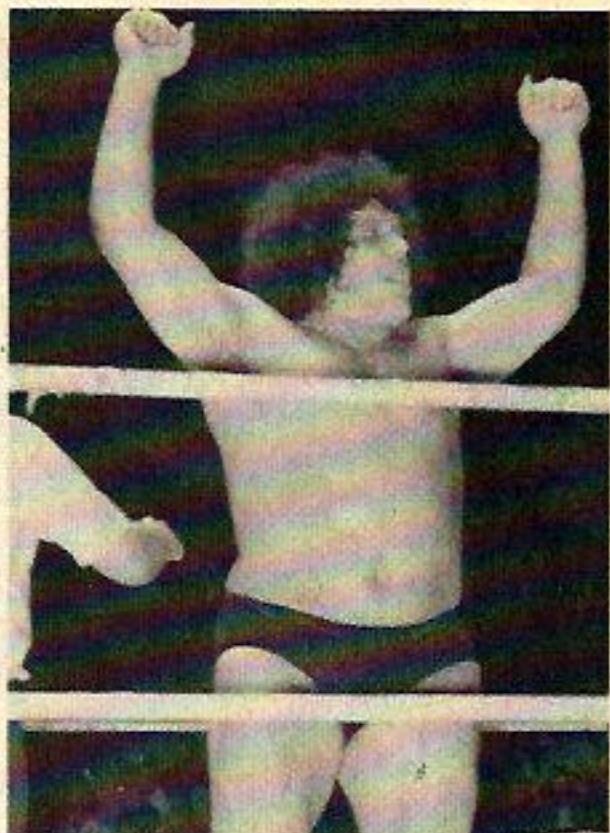
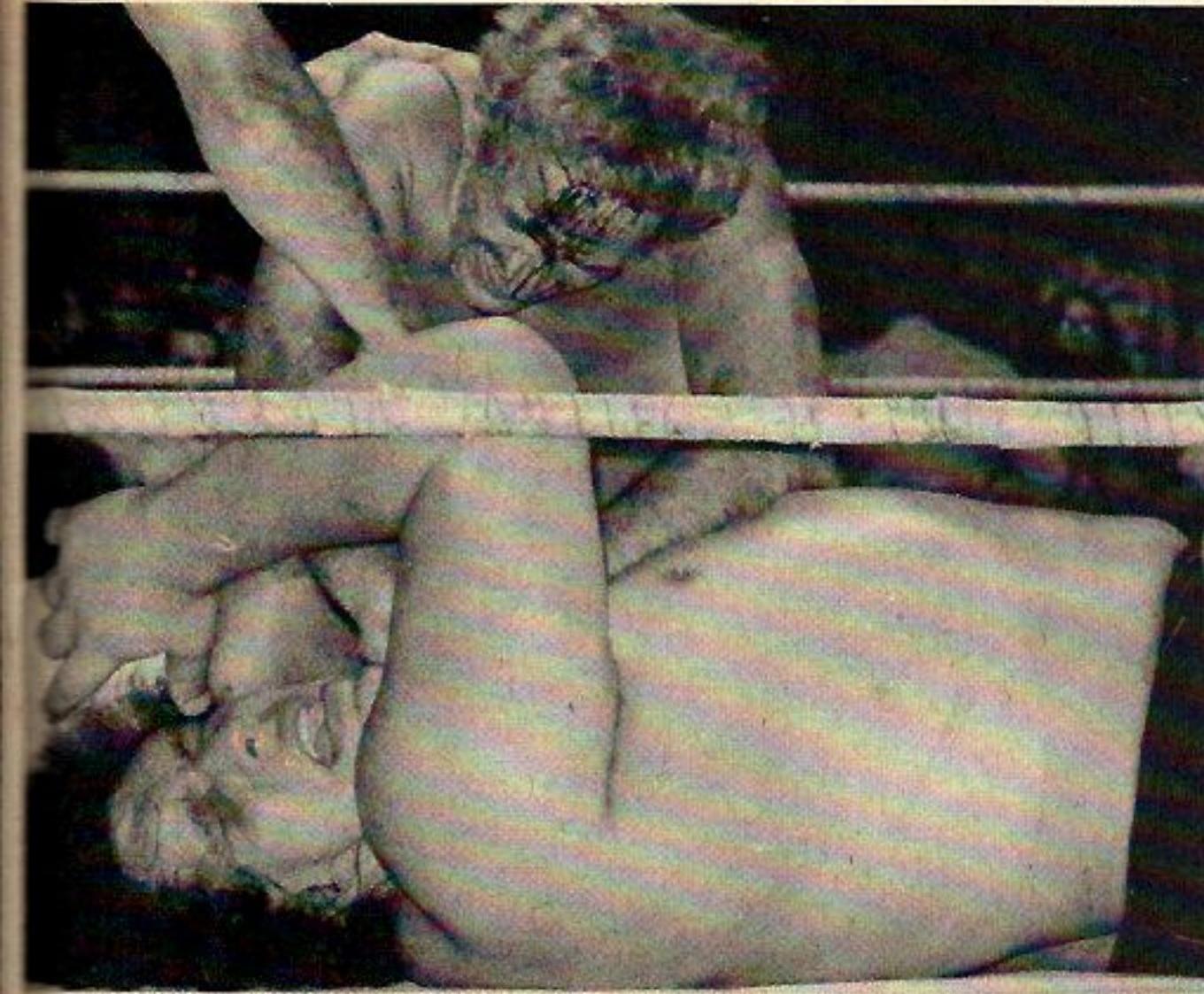
Above: Jenny bites her lip as she strains to bring Camille's arm back. Below: Once again Camille displays her awesome power as she bends lovely Jenny back with little effort.



**Andre's
Painful
Lesson:**



**NEVER TURN
BACK ON**



Andre turns his back (left, opposite page) and Sheik wallops him with a chair. Although he's a bloody mess, Sheik easily chokes Andre (left). A disgusted Andre (above) is winner by disqualification.

THE PAST YEAR has been a very trying time for Andre the Giant. He has been through experiences that would drive other men over the edge. Yet Andre has survived it all.

He has gone through a period of near-psychosis, when his associates were afraid to go near him for fear of what he might do or say. He has become a television star, making guest appearances on "The Six Million Dollar Man," "The Mike Douglas Show," and others. Andre became famous throughout the world after his stunning defeat

of boxer Chuck Wepner. He has been through some of the most brutal matches in wrestling history against some of the most notorious rulebreakers in the sport.

Yet Andre has triumphed over travail, and he has done so with dignity. Even in his setbacks—and there have been a few—Andre has shown a rare form of courage.

Many men, when they reach a lofty position in life, suddenly feel free to rest on their laurels. They believe they reached the top rung on that ladder of success, and now they

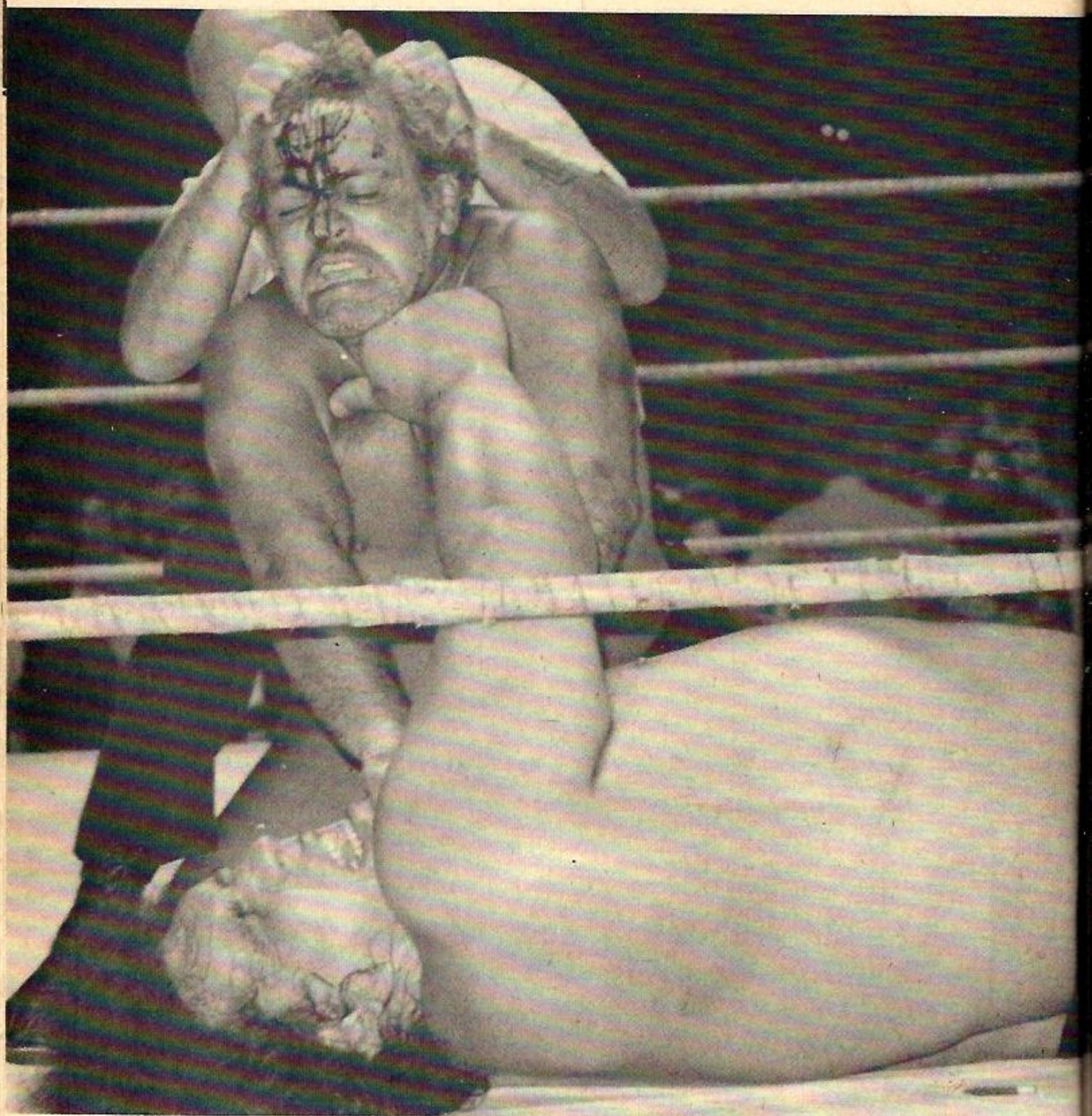
can rest. But Andre is not like these men. He still sees new worlds to conquer. There are higher mountains to climb. He cannot give up the struggle until the day he scales the highest high.

And so it was no wonder Andre the Giant opted to challenge The Sheik to a match on his home turf. Andre did not have to wrestle Sheik. He could easily have chosen to ignore the notorious wrestler. But Andre could not do that. Sheik represents all that is bad in wrestling. And Andre wants him out of the sport.

Andre the Giant has now learned what every wrestler must know to survive. It's one of the most painful lessons in wrestling. One's life depends on never forgetting it

RUN YOUR THE SHEIK

PHOTOS BY KEVIN KRON



Sheik was eager to accept Andre's challenge. He saw Andre as a victim—albeit a large one—who he had beaten once before. But that was a long time before Andre had survived his trial of this past year.

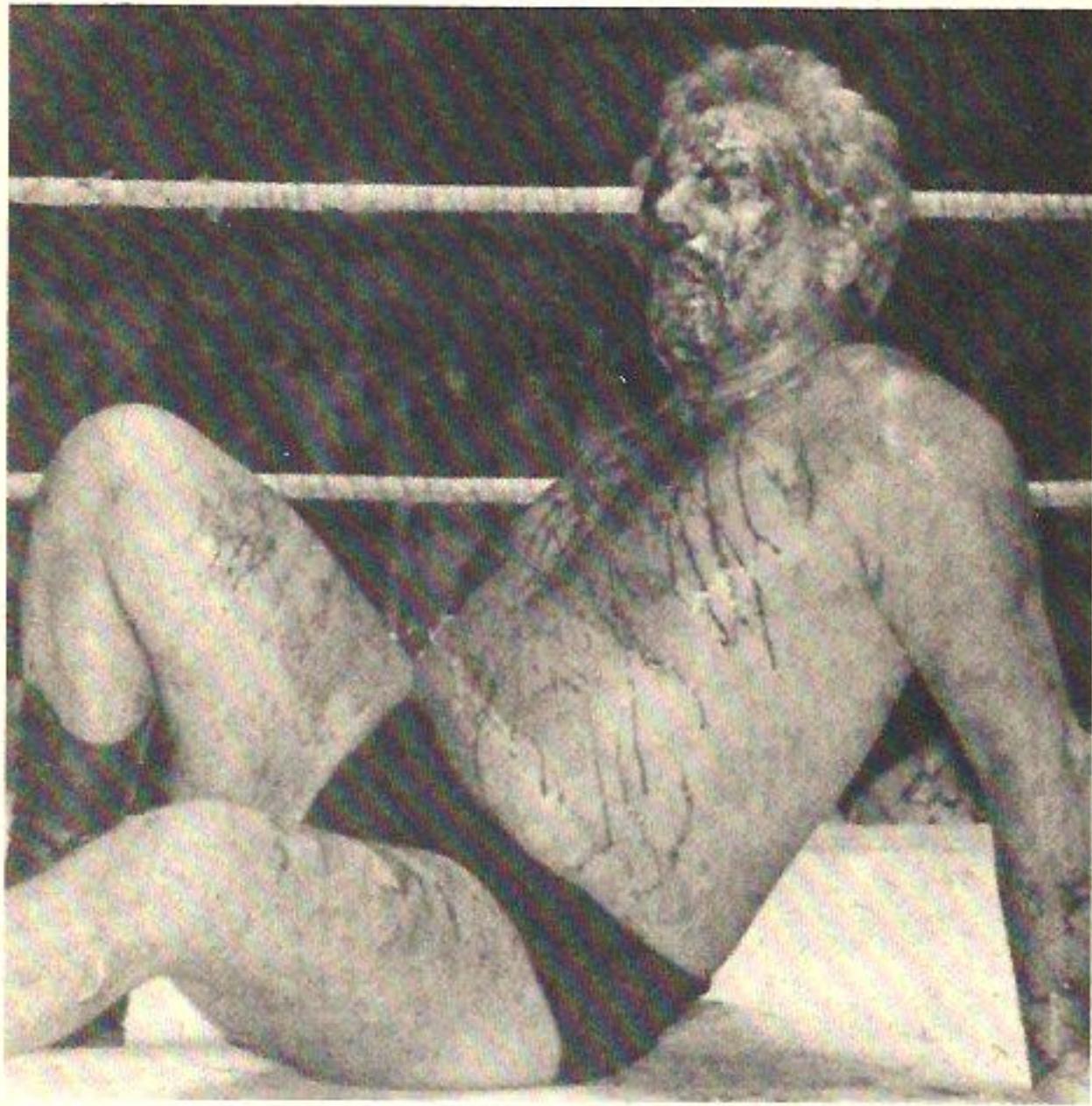
To prepare for this match, Andre went into intensive training sessions. He knew exactly what he needed to do in order to defeat this hated wrestler once and for all.

There were certain maneuvers—both legal and otherwise—which would be instrumental in bringing about the defeat of Sheik. By the time Andre had finished training, he had mastered every tactic—except one.

For Andre, quite a bit depended on the outcome of this particular match. First of all, he wanted to prove he could defeat Sheik, a feat

he had not been able to do before. But even more important than that, he wanted to prove to the fans—and to himself—that he was a worthy contender for a championship belt.

Defeating Sheik would be the thing he would need to accomplish in order to get more title shots. If a wrestler can beat a man as ruthless as the Sheik, he can withstand the punishment any other wrestler



The referee takes Sheik by the hair (left) and tries to get him off of Andre. The Sheik loses more blood (above) as the match nears the end. Andre is now in the process of trying to get a return match against Sheik. But now the Arab is not too anxious for that to come about.

certainly isn't worried about Andre the Giant. His size doesn't scare my man in the least. And why should it? You know what they say, 'The bigger they are, the harder they fall.'

"Believe me, Andre will fall, and very hard!"

Andre the Giant was of a different opinion. "I believe I will win," he explained. "I know now what is necessary to defeat a man like The Sheik. I know I can do it."

"It has been a long time since I wrestled against The Sheik. I lost that one because I was foolish enough to believe he would not use illegal tactics. I will not make that mistake again. This time, I think I am prepared for the worst he can do. This time, Sheik will not win!"

The pressures placed upon Andre that night must have been tremendous. He knew all too well what was at stake in this match. And, for good reason, he was rather nervous. On the other hand, Sheik and Creactchman were quite calm about the match that was about to happen. They knew they could win, legally or illegally—it didn't make

any difference. However, they hid a pencil in Sheik's boot, just to make sure.

Just before the match started, the tension pent up in Andre's body was obvious to close observers. As soon as the bell rung, the gargantuan wrestler lunged at his opponent. But Sheik had foreseen this move. He had taken the pencil out from his boot, and quickly retreated from the charging Andre, who went crashing to the canvas.

Sheik immediately stepped in and began to jab away at Andre's back. The Giant quickly spun around and grabbed Sheik's arm forcing the hated wrestler to drop the pencil. Andre seized the weapon and began using it on Sheik. Before anyone knew what was happening, Sheik's entire forehead had been bloodied.

Andre scrambled to his feet and began his real assault on Sheik. Within minutes, Andre had subdued his opponent considerably. Sheik realized he needed help, and fast. He spotted Eddie Creactchman outside the ring, and fled through

(Continued on page 54)

could give out. So that was the question for Andre: Even though he was stronger in character and had improved his wrestling skills, could he defeat Sheik and thus qualify for more title matches?

Eddie Creactchman, Sheik's manager, did not think so. "It's funny," he said, "that Andre wants to wrestle Sheik now. My man has never been better. And Sheik

Special Bonus:

APARTMENT WRESTLING PHOTO ALBUM

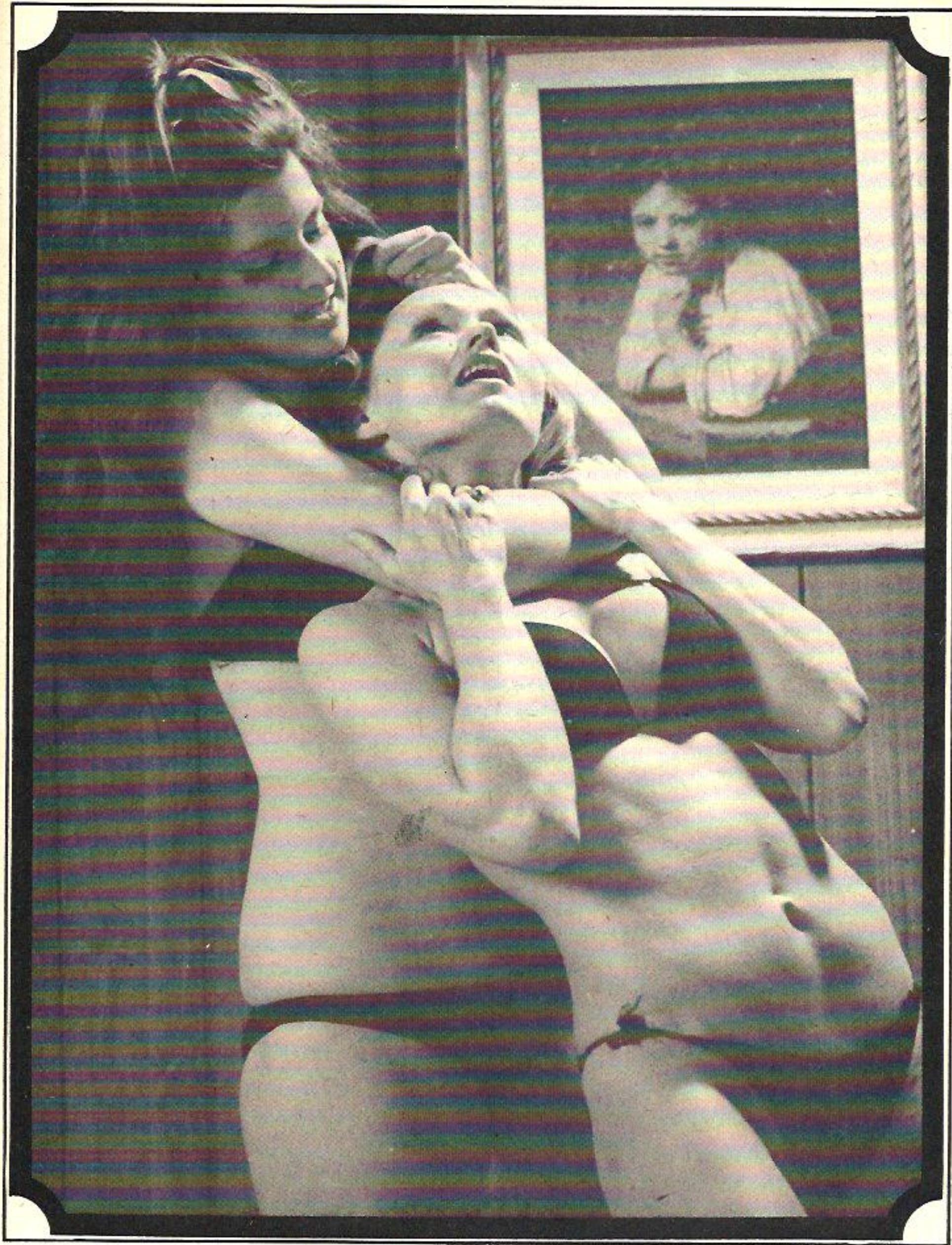
Due to an unprecedented demand, the most excitingly erotic photos of apartment house wrestling have been collected for this special photo album, one to be kept for many years and sure to become a collector's treasure!



A crude karate kick to Gail's belly momentarily staggers the voluptuous combatant. Kyla's ferocity, abetted by ambition and desperation, exploded into a savage exhibition of wrestling brutality. However, Gail proved herself equal to the task, and equal in desperate cruelty.



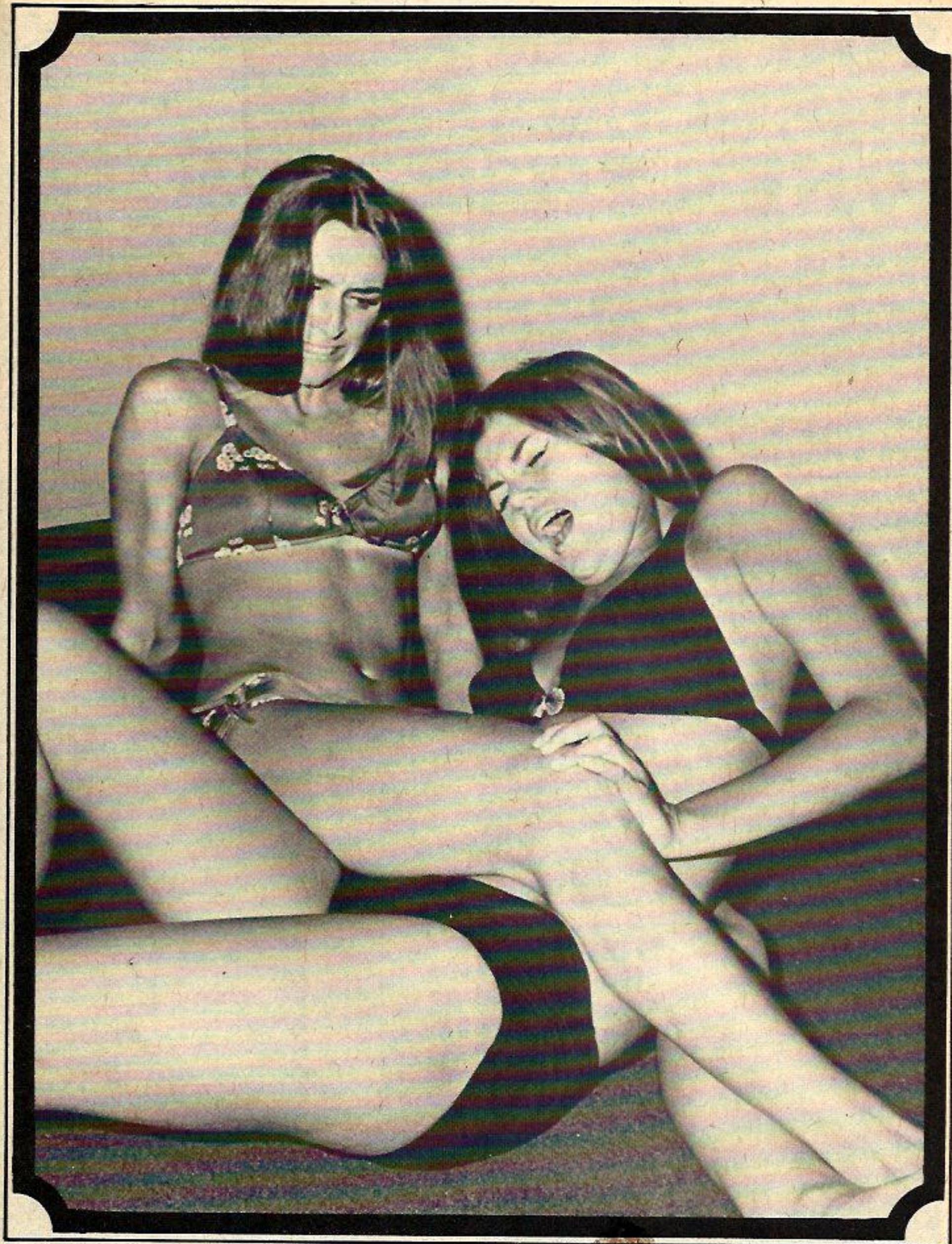
Marguerita's powerful arms, borne of necessity in her harsh gypsy past, grip Tiffany's neck until the heiress thinks her alabaster throat will surely be torn. This animal violence is typical of the brawls between these very different but primitively equal young beauties.



Cynara, the legendary apartment wrestling champion, has her hair pulled and throat choked by Ninotchka, a Russian emigre who enjoyed a brief notoriety in apartment house wrestling. Ninotchka's hopes of defeating Cynara were shattered when the blonde reversed the hold and captured a stunning victory.



Gloria screams in pain as Valerie's lithe legs crush her in scissors lock. The exquisite beauties have engaged in many exciting bouts over the years, battles remembered for their reckless ferocity. These two exquisite young beauties are favorites in both New York and Los Angeles.

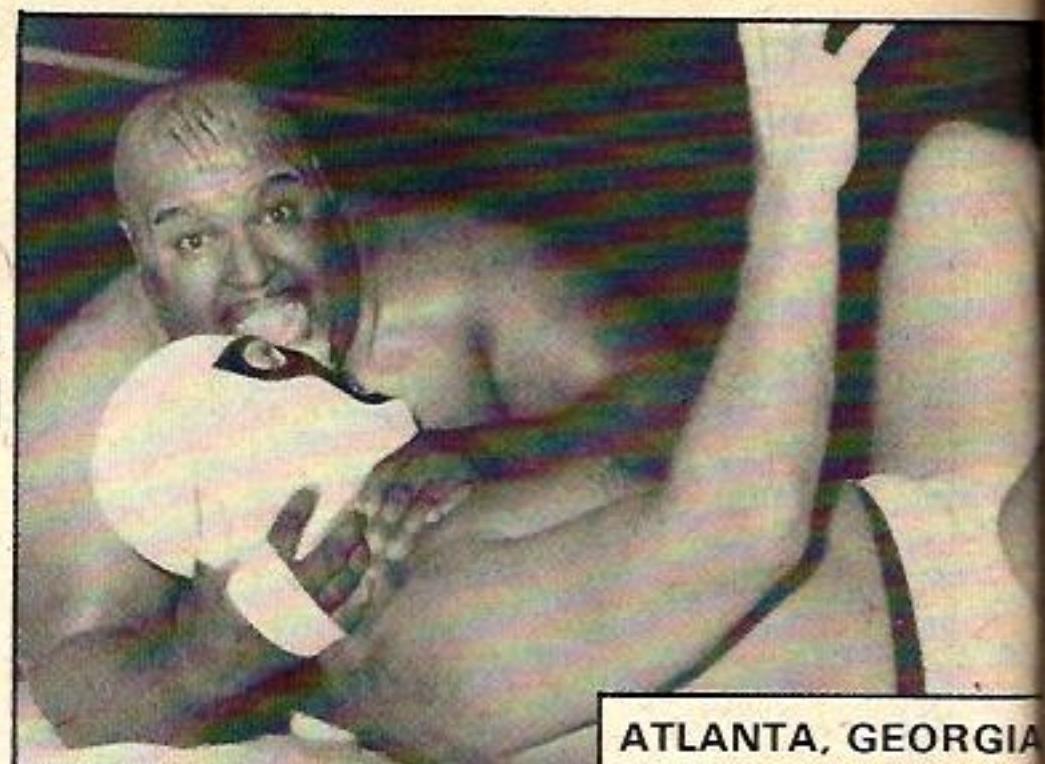
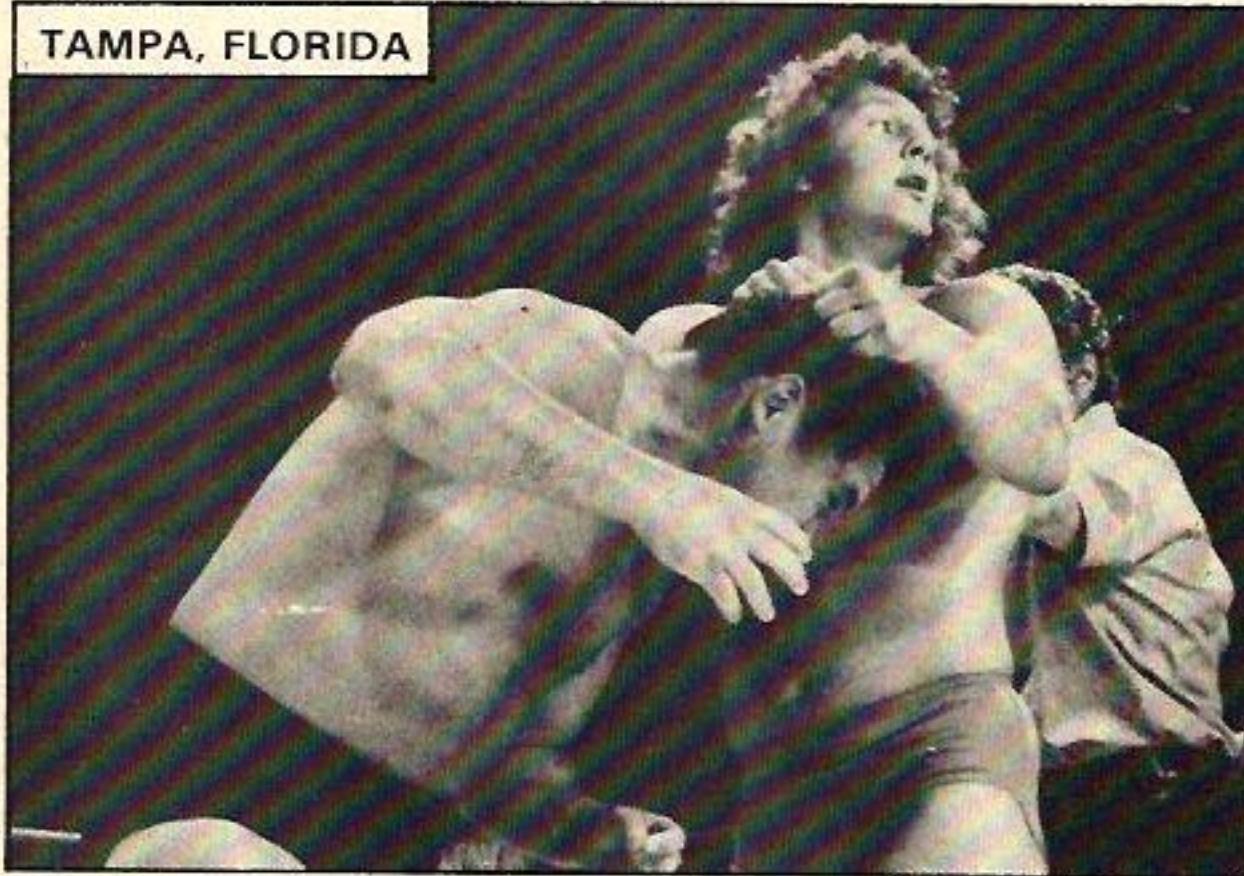


Antoinette, her legs being mercilessly twisted by Cecily, grabs at her blonde tormentor's hair. The Canadian gamin hopes to wrench her opponent backward, freeing the grip. However, a too powerful yank could severely sprain the brunette's back.

YOU'RE ON THE SCENE WHEN THE ACTION HAPPENS!

Our photographers make sure YOU have a ringside seat

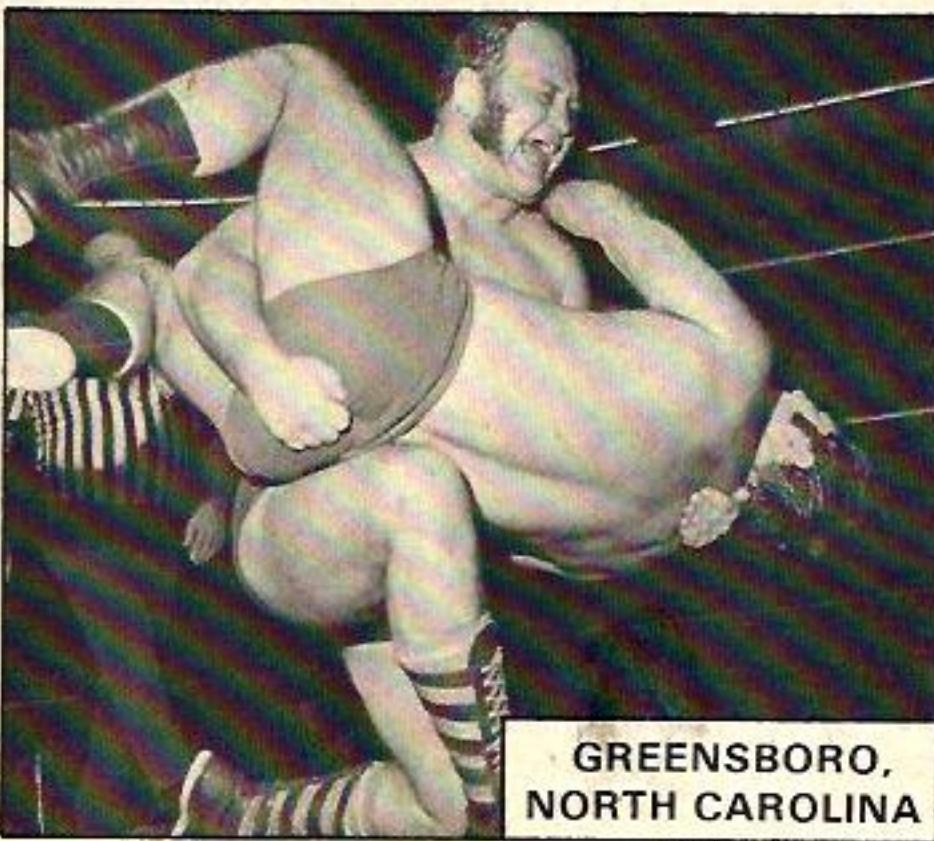
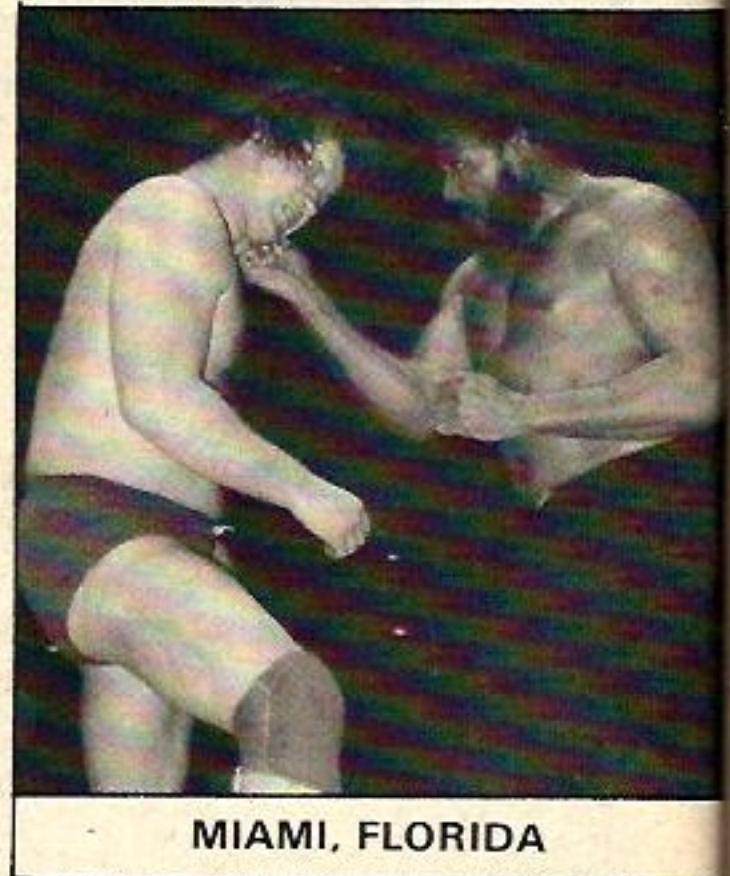
TAMPA, FLORIDA



ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Abdullah the Butcher is about to take a bite out of Mr. Wrestling II's mask (above) in a wild match.

MIAMI, FLORIDA



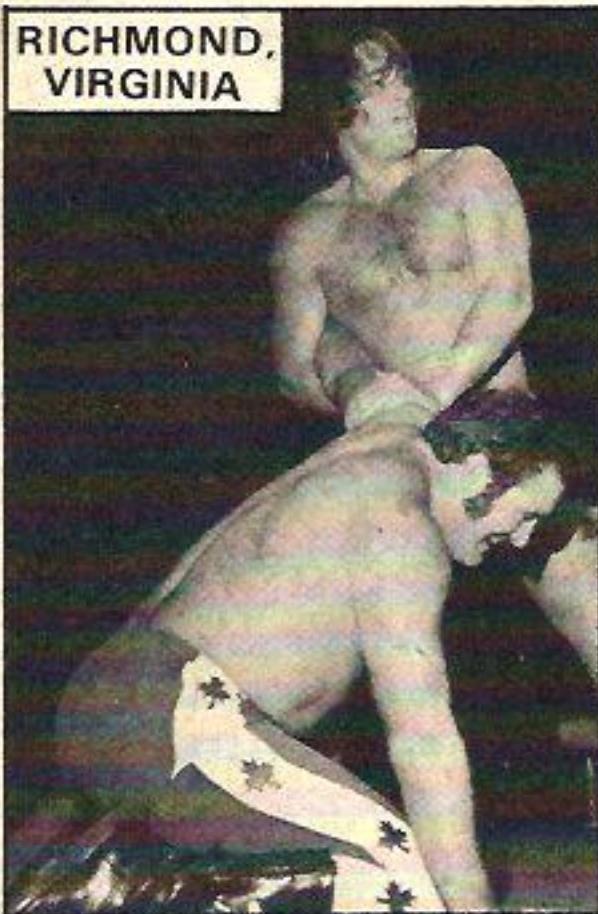
GREENSBORO,
NORTH CAROLINA

Bob Orton Jr. grabs a hunk of Rocky Smith's hair (above), and he is about to toss Rocky out of the ring. T-Bolt Patterson scores big with a smash to NWA champion Terry Funk's chin (above right). An atomic backbreaker crunches Johnny Weaver's back (left), courtesy of Gene Anderson. Cowboy Parker uses Klondike Bill's jacket as a weapon on big Bill (right).

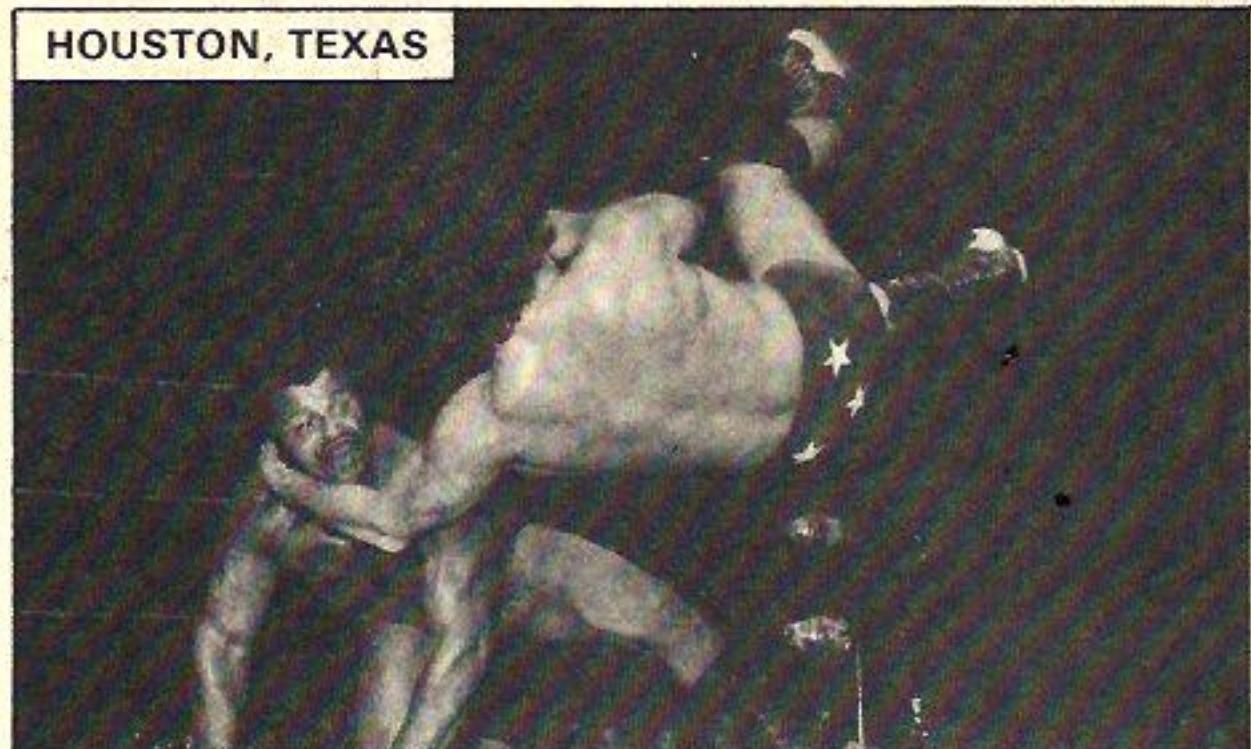


SPARTANBURG,
SOUTH CAROLINA

RICHMOND,
VIRGINIA

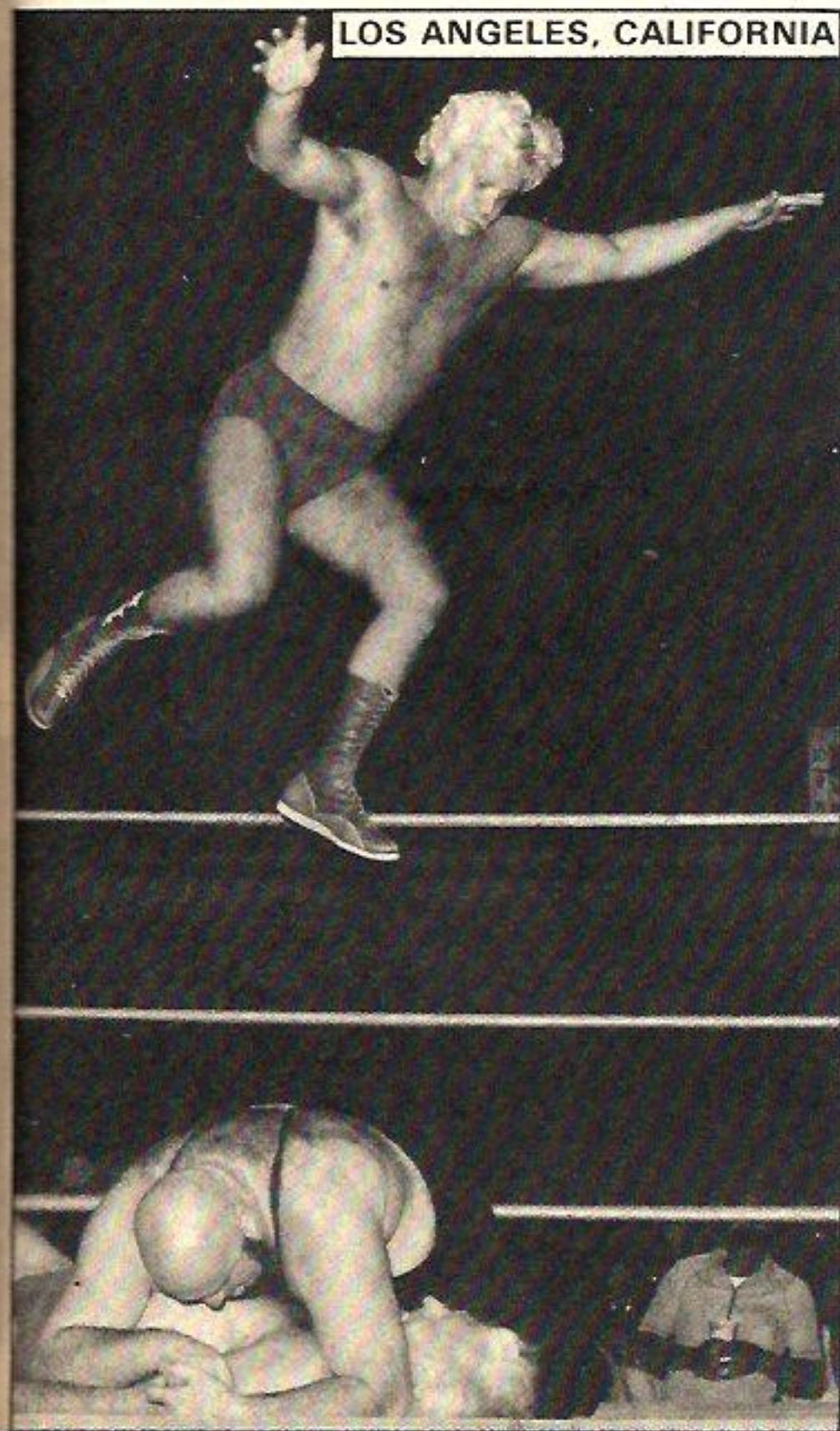


HOUSTON, TEXAS

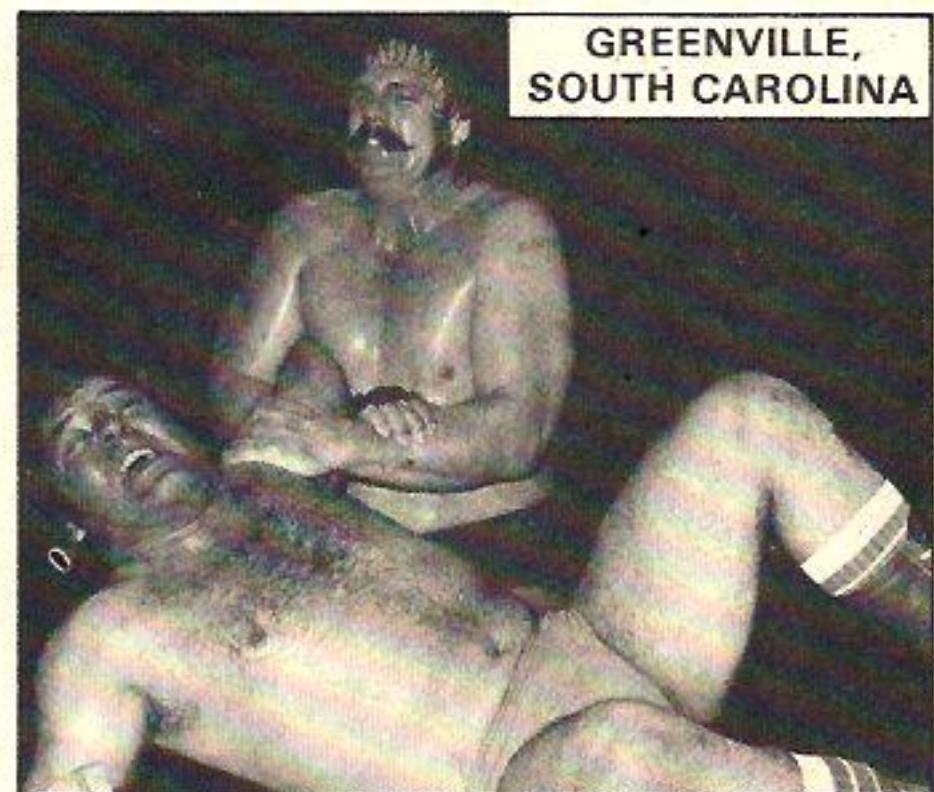


The popular Steve Keirn puts an armbar on Mike "The Judge" Dubois (left). Keirn, one of the fastest rising youngsters in the sport, has his work cut out for him in this contest. Rocky Johnson sends Terry Funk flying (above) as Rocky makes a bid for the NWA title.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



GREENVILLE,
SOUTH CAROLINA



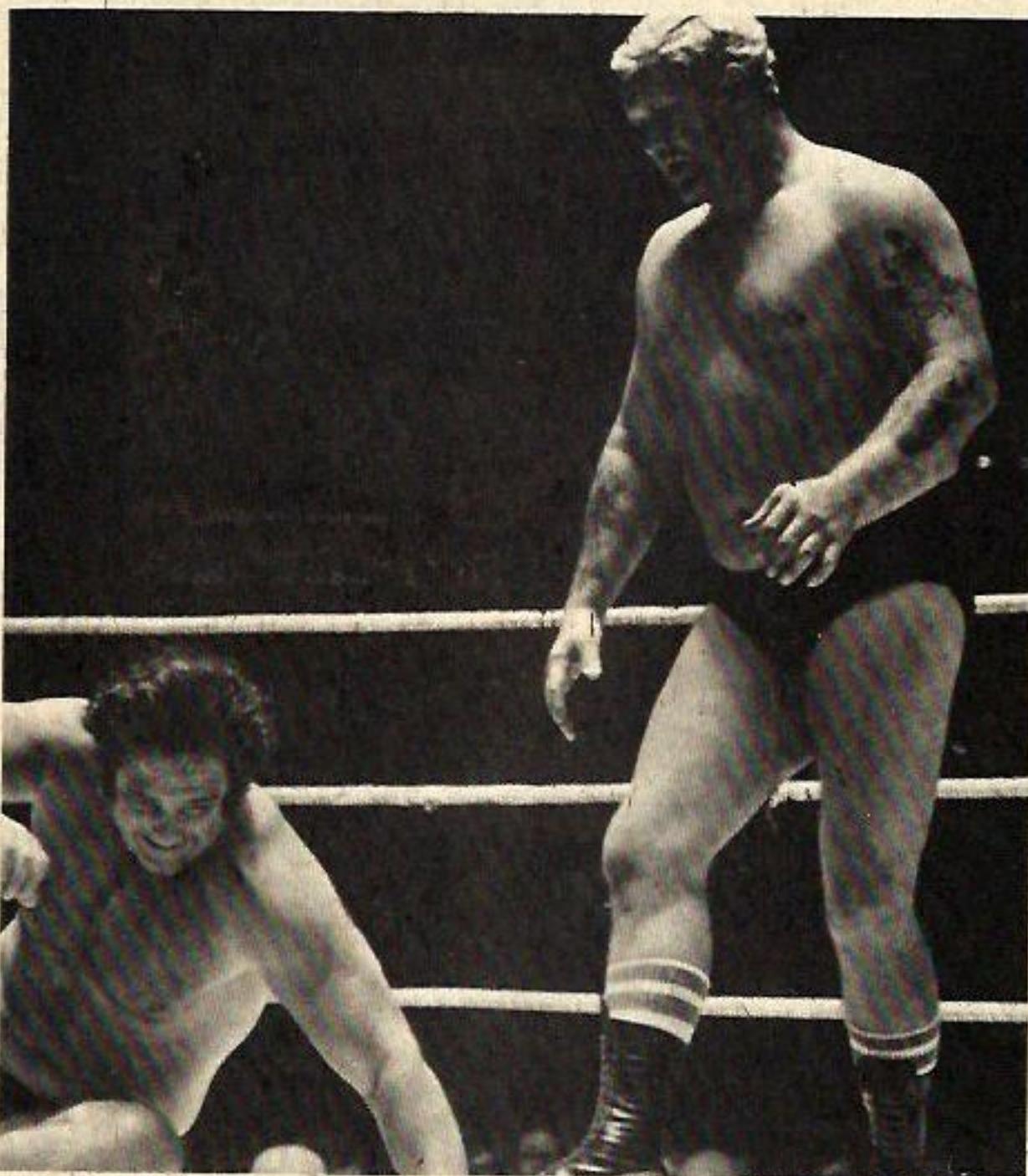
Butcher Vachon is about to pin Jerry Brown, but Buddy Roberts has other ideas (left). Blackjack Mulligan shows why he rates top honors as he tortures Paul Jones (above). Nick Bockwinkle stops Verne Gagne (below).

- OMAHA, NEBRASKA

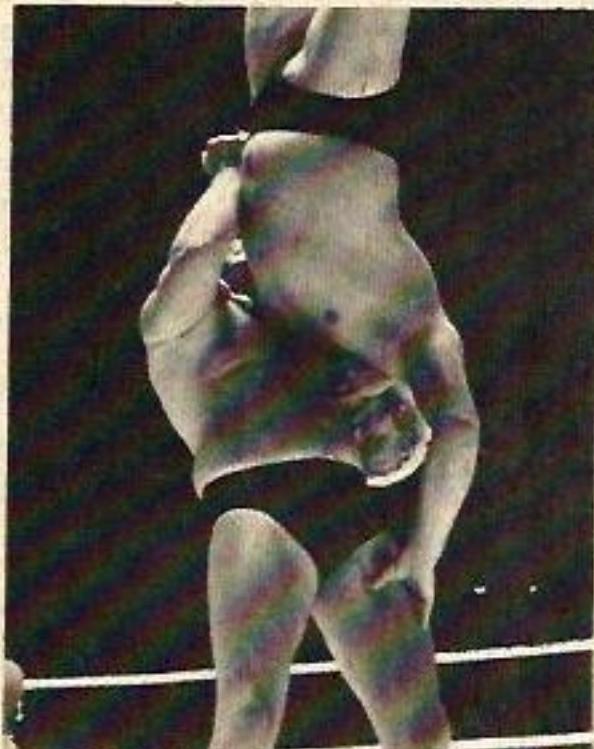
(Continued on page 56)

HARLEY RACE

(Continued from Page 25)



Race has a shocked look on his face as Mark uses one of Harley's favorite and best maneuvers (below), the suplex slam. "I was flattered that Lewin imitated my style," Race said later.

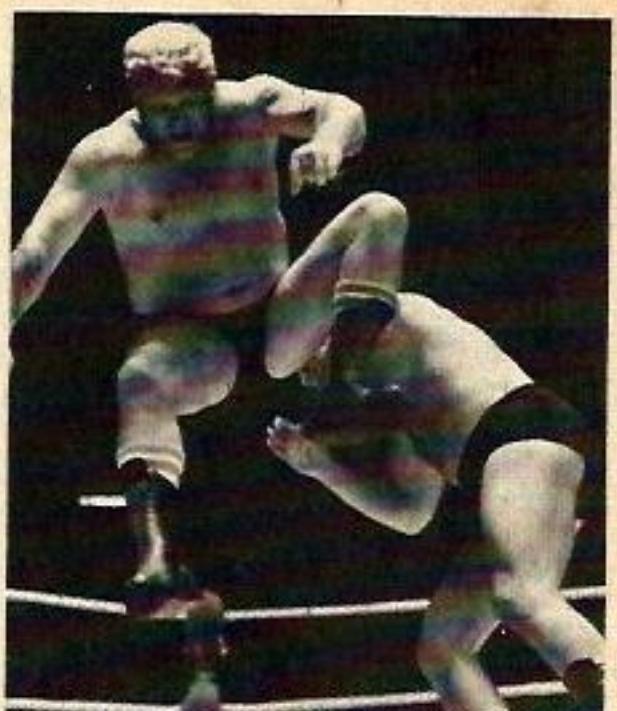


"It isn't that easy," Harley replied. Then he paused for a long moment. "Then again, gentlemen, maybe it is just that easy. I will get back to you on that." With that, he left the men at the table.

In that one moment's pause, Harley had suddenly seen a whole new world open up for him. It was as if a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He suddenly saw why he had never been able to regain his title. He had always lacked a real motivation to win back his belt. Harley had always known he should want the title back, but he never really felt a reason for wanting it back. Now he had that reason.

After four long years without a world title—or a reason to have that title—Harley Race had to start anew. Even though he had already wrestled Terry Funk for the belt, he wanted to do it again. This time, he promised himself, he would win.

Race scouted the NWA to find just the right competitor with whom he



Lewin is a bit too fast as he gets up just as Harley is about to kneedrop him (above). Lewin is down (left) as he falls victim to a Race bodyslam. Now Harley is ready to give him another one.

could start his real comeback. After a careful search, he chose Mark Lewin. Then he began some of the most intensive training sessions he had ever undertaken in his career. He was determined to become champion once again. He needed the money.

Of course, Harley was not going to let something as insignificant as the rulebook stand in his way. If he had to use a few less-than-legal tactics to reach his goal, so what? It was a small price to pay for the riches which lay ahead.

Mark Lewin is not an opponent to be taken lightly. He is a fierce competitor who wins most of his matches. But against a whirlwind like the motivated Harley Race, not even Lewin could win. Indeed, Race gave Mark one of the toughest matches of his career.

It was speculated that no rule was left unbroken by Harley during this match. That is very possible. Harley behaved like a man possessed. Mark Lewin seemed more like a victim than an opponent.

Right after the match, Harley rushed out of the arena and back to his dressing room. He made a quick long-distance phone call to the men back in Atlanta.

"We'll have our money," Race told them, "and sooner than I thought. There is no way anyone can stop me now from winning my title back. And when that event happens, I should be making more than enough money to finance our project."

"And not only that, I will be champion again. That may be the greatest thing of all!" □

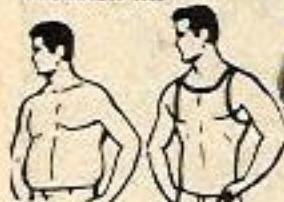
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DUSTY RHODES

(Continued from Page 29)



Stevens listens to the count as he tries to choke Dusty for as long as he can before getting counted out. Rhodes didn't put up with this too long though. In just a matter of moments, the two will return to the ring and Dusty will go berserk—and the fans will love every moment of it!

from rulebreaker to fan favorite. It just didn't make any sense.

There had been a considerable amount of time between their last encounter—when they were still friends—and their scheduled match against each other. In that time, Dusty had become a new man. Ray was aware of Rhodes' "born again" status, but he chose to ignore it.

As the match got underway, it was clear the spectators' sympathies lay with Dusty. Ray Stevens was not the kind of man they would honor. His tactics and attitude made that very clear. Rhodes was a clean, scientific wrestler. The fans liked that.

But things did not go so easily for Dusty. Ray Stevens was proving to be a much tougher opponent than Rhodes had anticipated. Indeed, Ray was using every illegal tactic he could think of against Dusty. And Ray was clearly winning the match.

Dusty had to make a quick decision. Would he disappoint the fans and fall to the tactics which Stevens was using, or would he try to fight fire with fire—use every illegal tactic in his old repertoire? To revert to his old ways would surely disappoint the fans, he felt, but it had to be done.

Suddenly Rhodes was the one who was using illegal tactics. He was savaging Ray Stevens. Indeed, Ray never knew what hit him. It was as if Dusty Rhodes had gone momentarily crazy, and Ray Stevens was feeling the brunt of his insanity. But the ploy paid off for Dusty; Stevens had been stopped and Rhodes was declared the winner of the match!

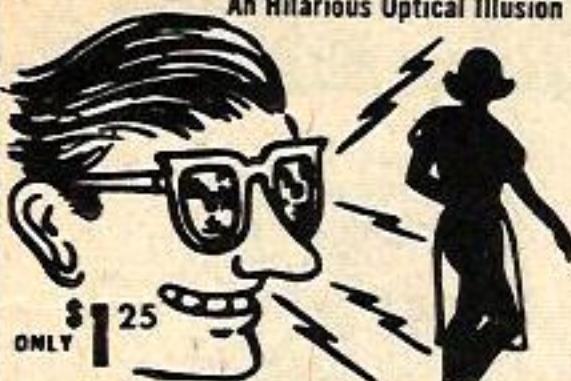
Dusty expected to hear loud boos from the fans for his behavior in the ring. Instead, he heard wild cheering from the thousands of spectators. They all had understood why Dusty had gone berserk during the match, and they approved. They would have approved of anything Dusty did if it meant defeating Ray Stevens.

In his dressing room after the match, Ray was considerably upset. "I never thought he had really changed," Stevens said. "He was just as savage tonight as he was when he used to team up with Dick Murdoch. Dusty Rhodes may be a fan favorite, but he's still a rulebreaker at heart. These guys never change. You press them hard enough, and they revert to their old ways."

"After all, the more things change, the more they stay the same. And that's the truth!"

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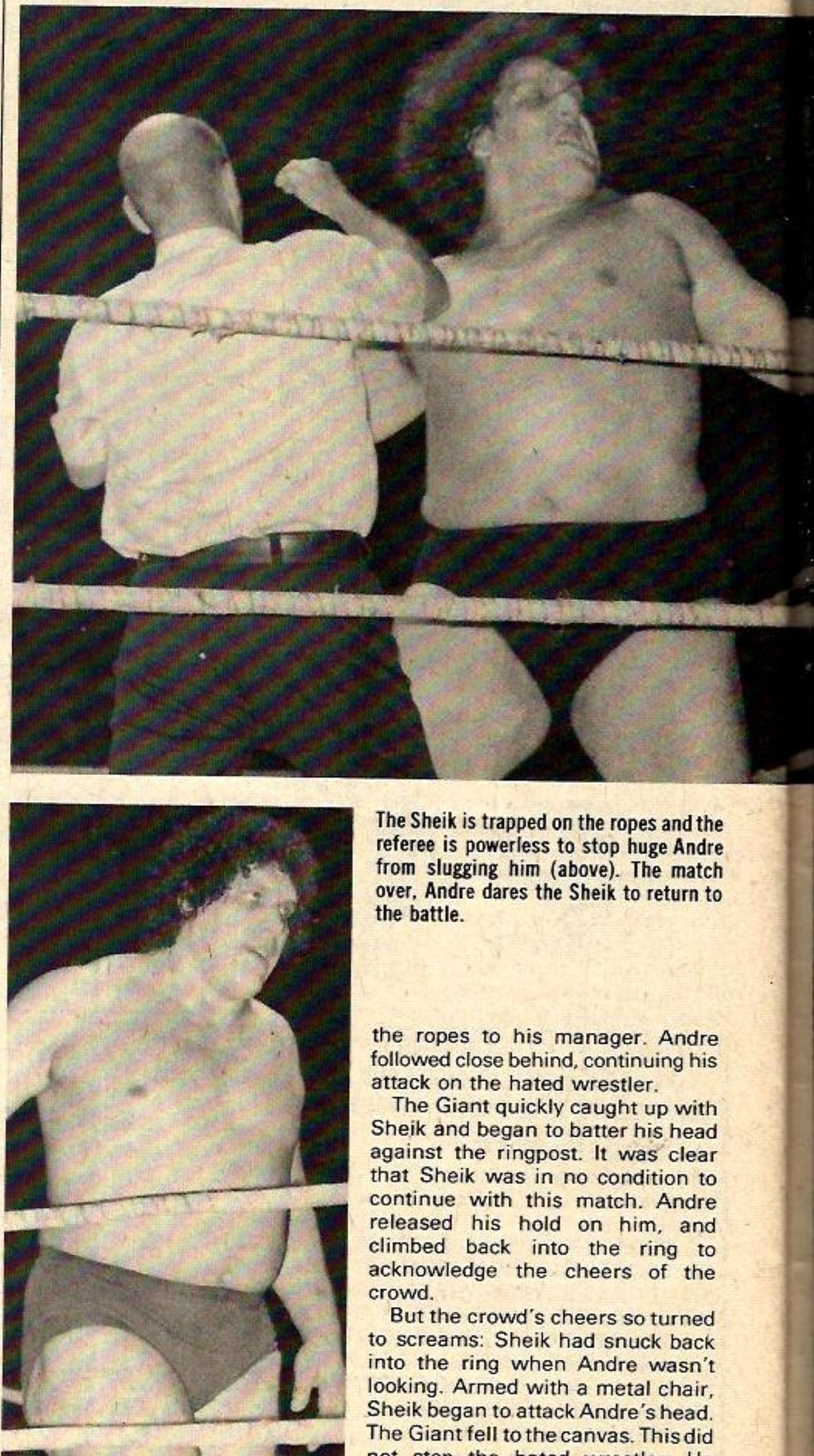
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Andre's Painful Lesson

(Continued from Page 41)



The Sheik is trapped on the ropes and the referee is powerless to stop huge Andre from slugging him (above). The match over, Andre dares the Sheik to return to the battle.

the ropes to his manager. Andre followed close behind, continuing his attack on the hated wrestler.

The Giant quickly caught up with Sheik and began to batter his head against the ringpost. It was clear that Sheik was in no condition to continue with this match. Andre released his hold on him, and climbed back into the ring to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd.

But the crowd's cheers so turned to screams: Sheik had snuck back into the ring when Andre wasn't looking. Armed with a metal chair, Sheik began to attack Andre's head. The Giant fell to the canvas. This did not stop the hated wrestler. He

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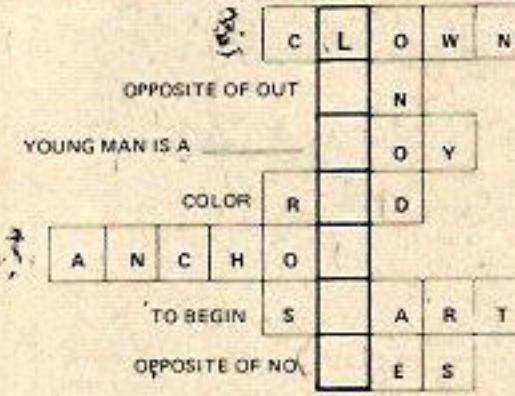
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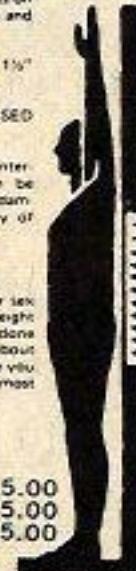
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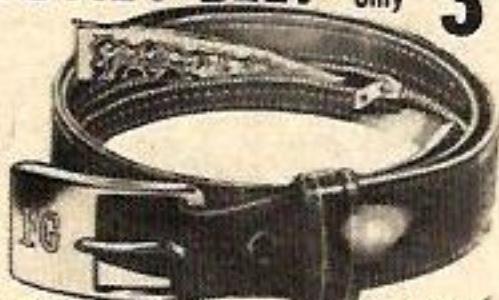
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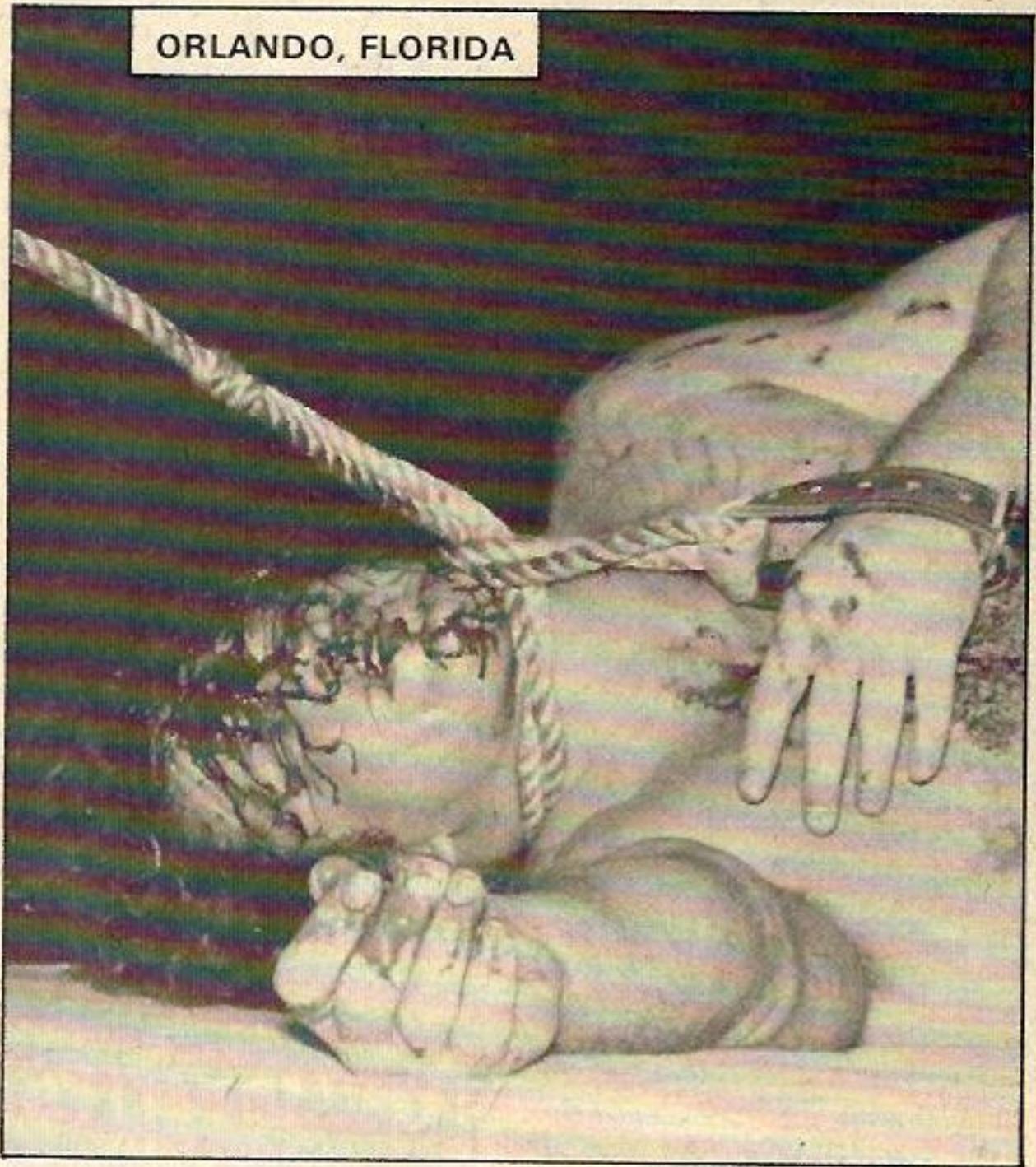


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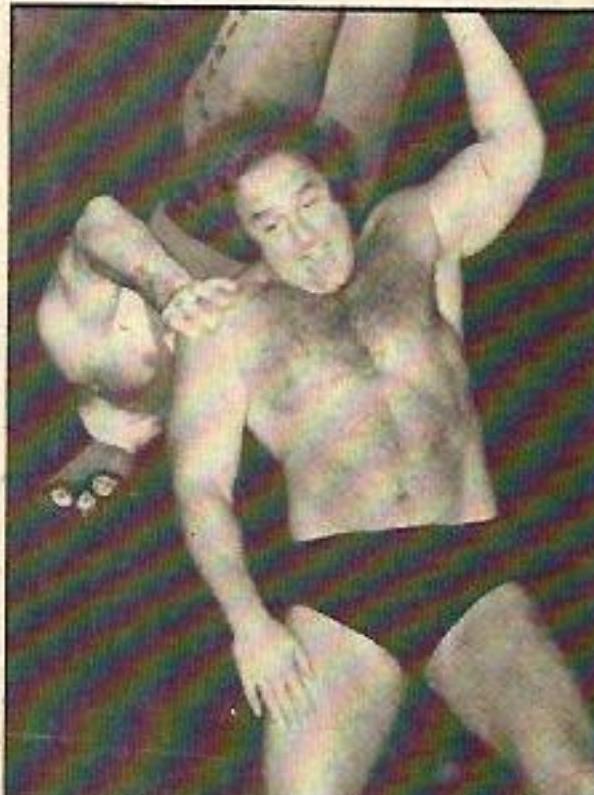
FIGHT SCENE

(Continued from Page 49)

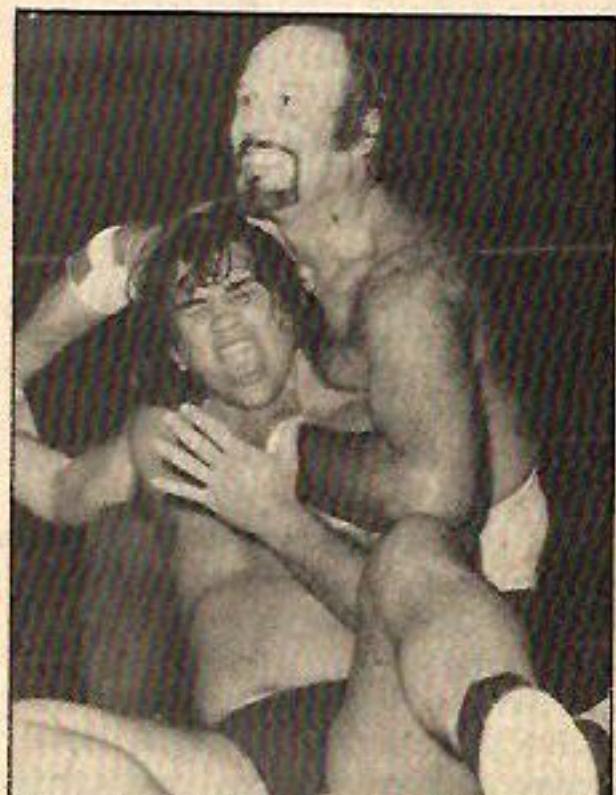
ORLANDO, FLORIDA



Terry Funk falls victim to a Texas Bullrope, in a match appropriately named the same, against Dusty Rhodes (above). Mark Lewin sends Spoiler on an unscheduled flight (left). Mean Don Green chokes Jerry Brisco (right). Green used every dirty trick imaginable in this match.



DETROIT, MICHIGAN

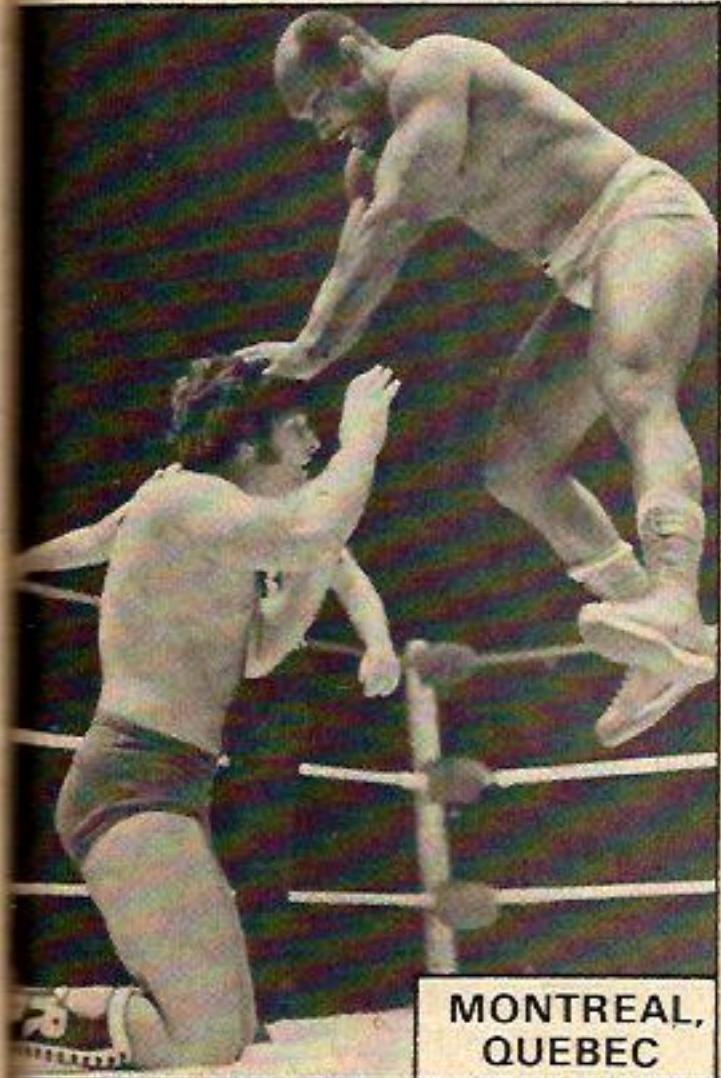


MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE



GRiffin, Georgia

Bill Dromo has a right headlock on Ole Anderson (above). Bill gave Ole one of his toughest battles. Del Skinner is about to connect with a flying headbutt on Ray Rougeau's noggin (below).



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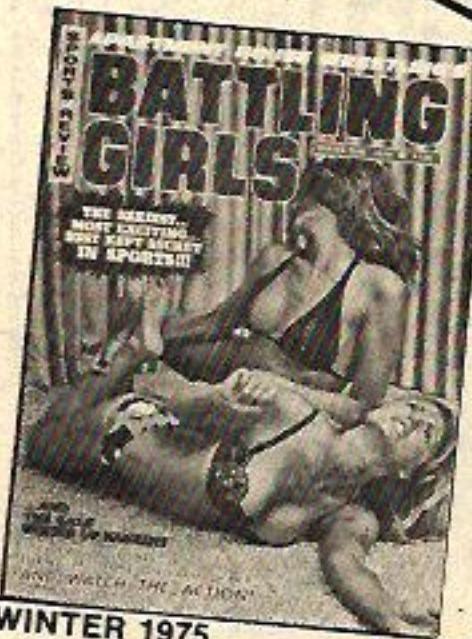
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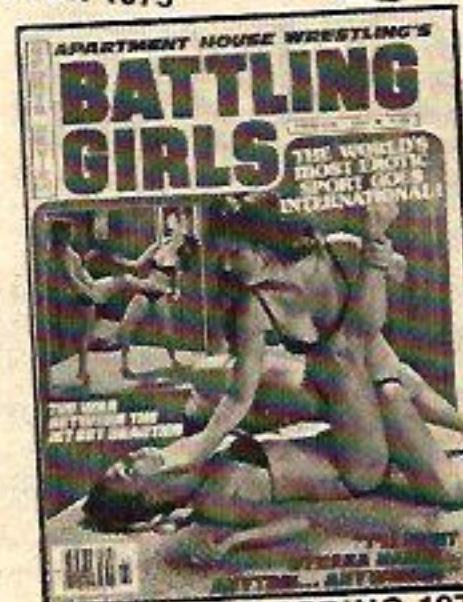
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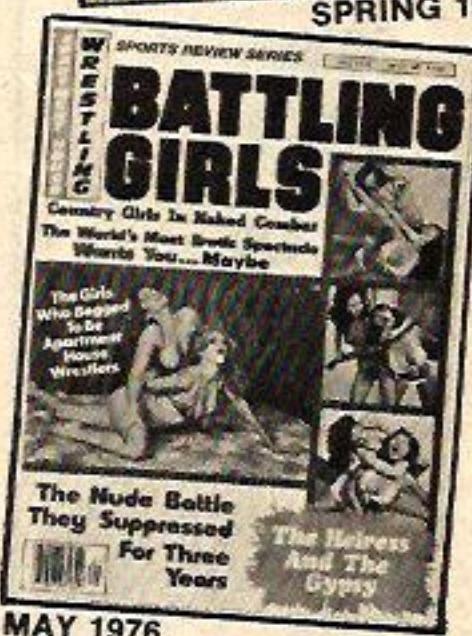
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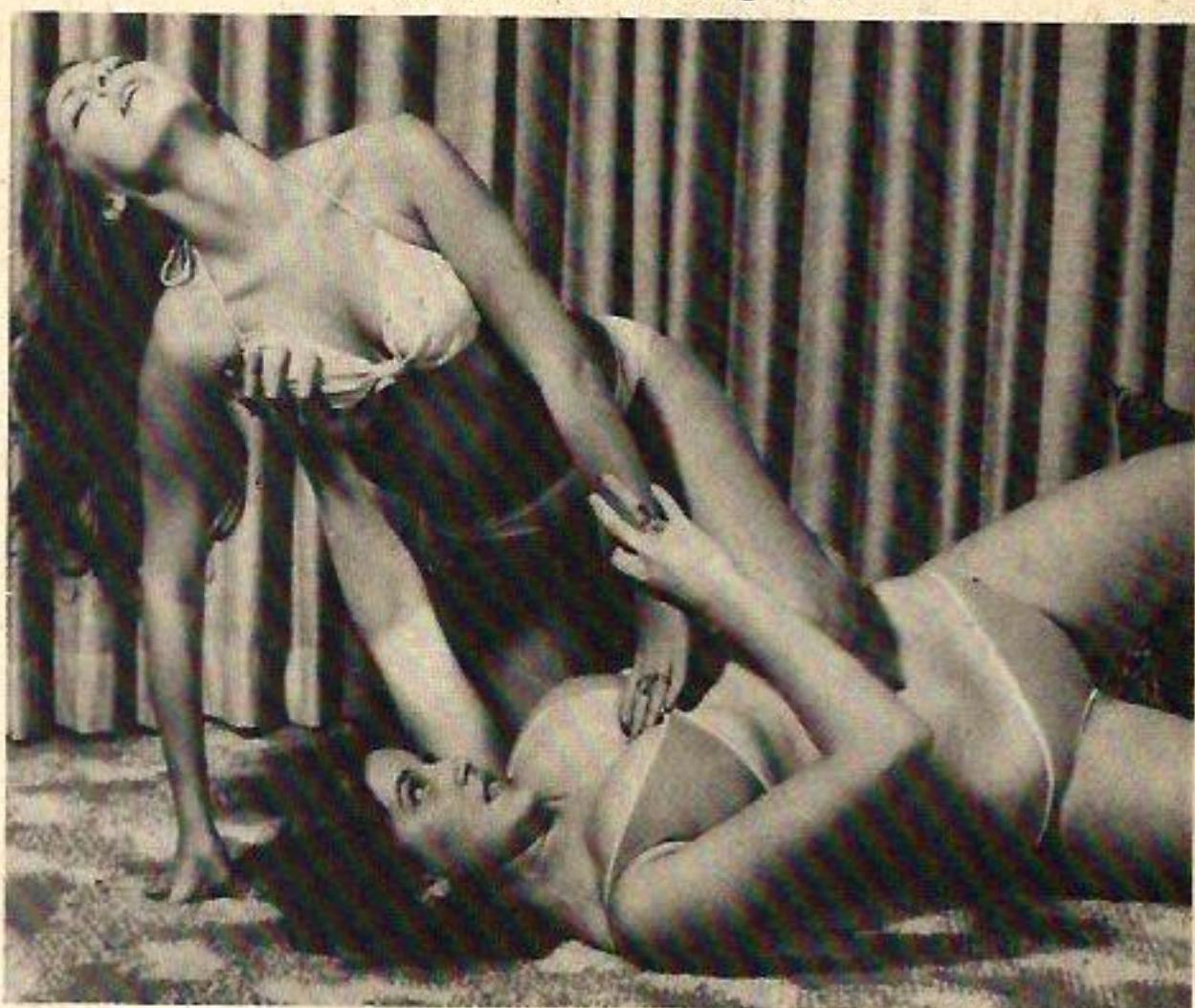
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The Nurse & The Stewardess

(Continued from Page 37)



Above: It is clearly obvious who has the upper hand in this photo. For a moment it looked as if Jenny might surrender. Below left: It's an all out effort on Jenny's part as she begins to choke the well-endowed nurse. Below right: Jenny groans in agony as Camille has her in an arm-crushing grip.



popular along that circuit, and I've just found out that several members of the Board of Directors of this hospital attend those matches. If they find out who I am... well, you get the message."

Camille wasn't the only one with that type of problem. Somewhere

in the stratosphere, Jenny had met her dream man. She fell in love with Dan, a handsome, suave gentleman, long before she found out he was the son of a wealthy shipbuilder from Boston. She didn't tell Dan about her escapades as an apartment house wrestler, for she

was afraid he would disapprove and be angry with her. After all, on more than one occasion, she wound up not only winning but in her birthday suit, as well.

But Jenny was more afraid of Dan's wealthy family finding out than she was of anything else. It is socialites from upper crust who attend these matches, and Lord forbid them from ever discovering her apartment wrestling antics.

But when you are as competitive as Jenny and Camille, it's not hard to be talked into a match. When each heard of the other's super talents, the urge to compete became a must.

For Jenny, who believed in her



An exhausted, spent Camille gives all that her powerful body can muster, as she actually tries to pull Jenny's arm and leg right off.

athletic abilities, the match was something she couldn't let go by. For Camille, who never would dream of doing anything against the hospital she loved so much, it was a match that would show just how good she really was.

After the match was set, each young beauty had second thoughts.

"If I win," each girl reasoned, "my name will be known all over—just what I don't want." Each was scared of what might happen. Each entertained the thought of perhaps

(Continued on page 60)

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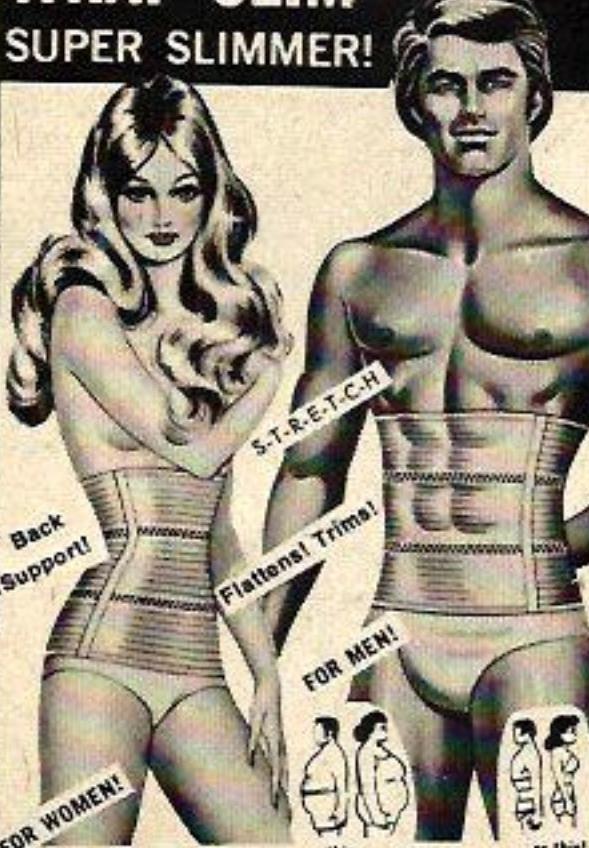
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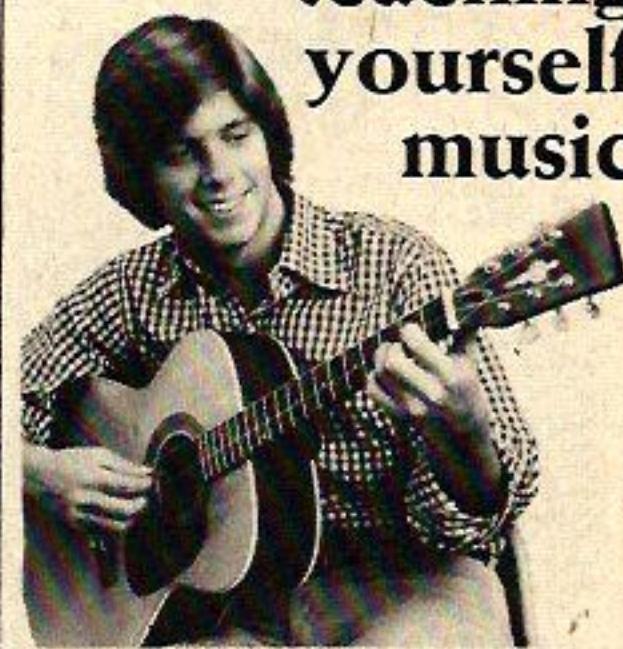
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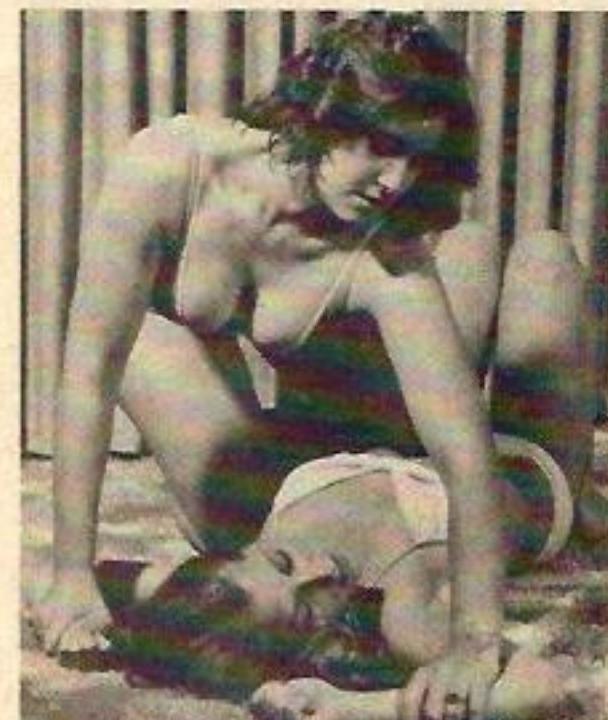
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The Nurse & The Stewardess

(Continued from Page 59)



Above: Camille tries to escape from the grasp of Jenny, who is trying to rip the nurses' top off. Below left: Jennifer strains in an effort to wrench her opponent's neck. Below right: The momentum of the battle swings back to the nurse as she pins Jenny's hands and shoulders to the floor.



going into the match, and then throwing it—letting her opponent walk off with all the glory. But the glory wasn't what Jenny or Camille was after. They were taking the match for one purpose—to win. That's the name of the game.

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you've beaten a good athlete, you've really accomplished something. Both wanted to win so badly, yet each was afraid a win might damage their lives and reputations.

As the two combatants waited in separate bedrooms for the match to begin, champagne flowed like water out of a city hydrant on a hot

(Continued on page 62)

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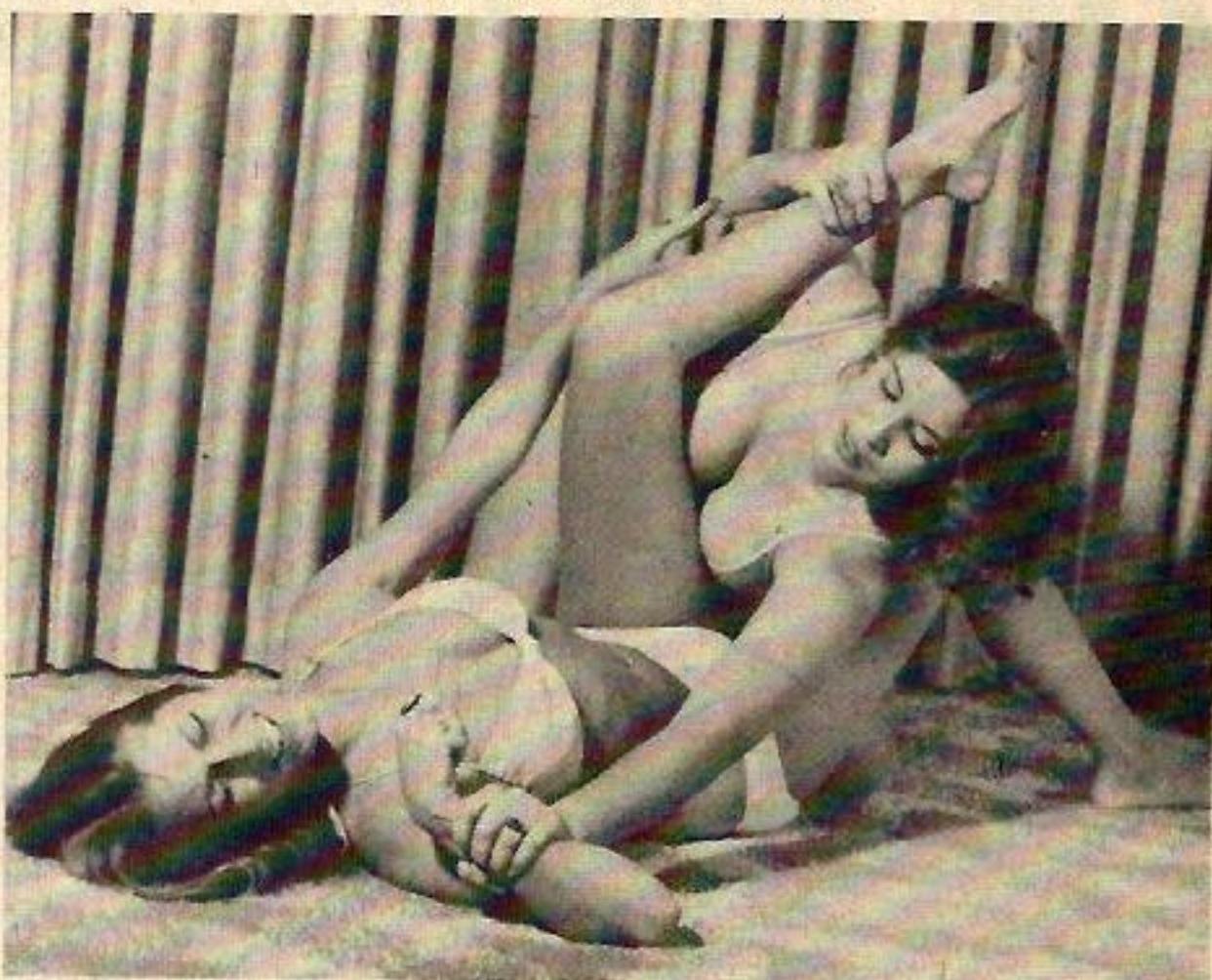
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The Nurse & The Stewardess

(Continued from Page 60)



Above: Camille has a vise-like grip on Jenny's arm and leg. Although both women tried their best, each secretly hoped for defeat. Below: Jenny's hair flies as she yanks her head away from Camille's painful grasp.



summer day.

The names in the crowd read like "Who's Who in American Business." Ironically, as the socialites awaited the match to begin, a wealthy shipbuilder went around serving champagne to his friends and colleagues, one of

whom was Chairman of the Board of that very same large metropolis hospital where Camille worked.

Jenny and Camille entered the living room from opposite ends of the penthouse almost at the same time. As their eyes met, you could see this was going to be a brutal match.

You could sense they wanted at each other right away. They got their wish. It wasn't necessary for anybody to explain the rules of Apartment Wrestling to the women. They had been through it before. Anyway, the only firm rule of this erotic sport is that there are no rules.

Jenny and Camille tore into each other like enraged wildcats, and an excited moan went up from the crowd, over 60 strong. Camille went right after Jenny, looking to use brute strength to overpower her. But Jenny wasn't about to match muscles against Camille or anyone else. Her legs were her major weapons. Her splendid shanks—capable of stopping the operations of an entire airport—were specialized in destruction.

As Camille reached out to grab Jenny, the stewardess' right leg shot up and caught Camille in the

pit of her stomach. Camille doubled over in agony. Jenny started to go after her opponent, but then stopped. A chill raced down her spine as she thought, "I can't afford to win. What will happen to my future if I win?" She backed off and let Camille catch her breath. Jenny was going to give Camille every opportunity to win. Her lack of killer instinct was greeted with mixed emotions by the stimulated crowd of dignitaries.

Jenny circled cautiously around



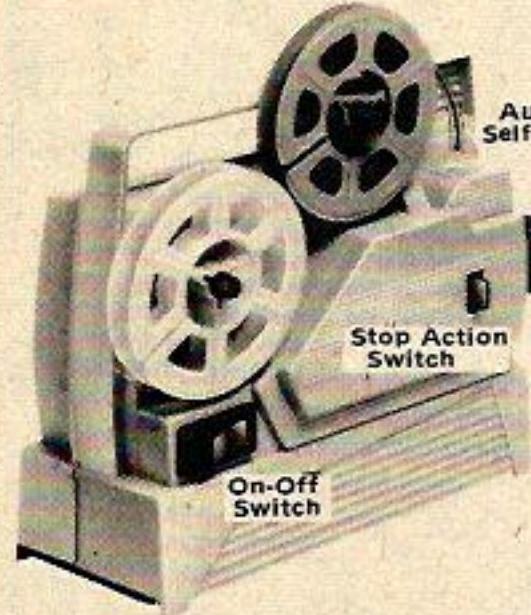
For a moment it looked like it was all over for Jenny as Camille began to use her as a broom. But Jenny was not to be taken lightly and she escaped by yanking beautiful Camille's legs right out from under her.

Camille, who had regained her breath. Camille would not rush in like that again. She would test Jenny, to see if kicking was an essential part of the stewardess' offense.

The exquisite nurse—who had made so many patients feel better just by walking in their room—got within leg range. As she did, Jenny's right leg shot up. But this time, Camille was ready for it. She pulled back, and the kick missed her by only an inch or two. Camille quickly sprang forward, grabbing Jenny around the waist. Almost

(Continued on page 64)

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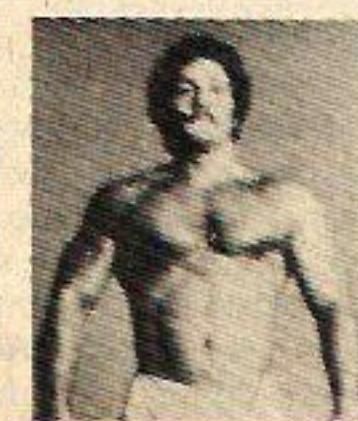
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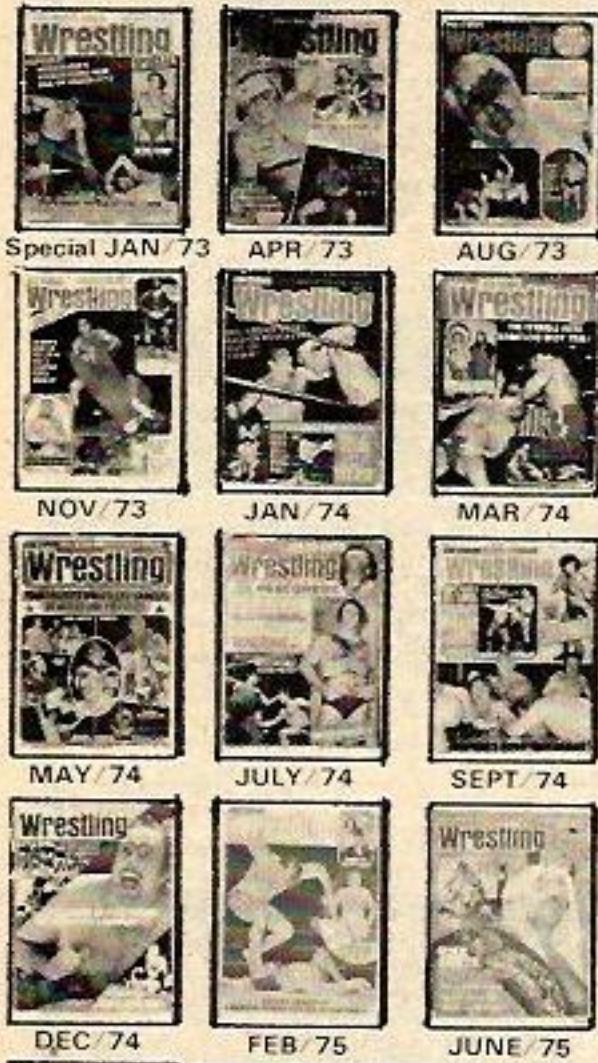


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The Nurse & The Stewardess

(Continued from Page 63)



Jenny tries to choke the life out of Camille, after dropping her with a powerful kick to the pit of the stomach. After a bitterly contested match, Jenny ended it with a well-placed kick below Camille's supple left breast.

effortlessly she tossed her to the floor.

Jenny struggled to get free, but Camille was just too strong. The nurse hammered away at Jenny's gorgeous face with blows meant to destroy all they landed upon. Jenny protected herself by covering her face with her arms. But soon, her arms began turning red from the pounding they were subjected to, and one could imagine what her face would look like if those same blows were not picked off on her arms.

Suddenly, Jenny went into a backwards somersault. But with her legs back over her head, Jenny stayed that way instead of going all the way over. Several men in the crowd let out deep sighs as Jenny's already tight bikini bottom stretched even tighter over her muscular buttocks. Nobody knew

what she was doing. Not even Camille, who dove after Jenny.

That's what Jenny had hoped Camille would do. Springing forward with the grace and timing of an acrobat, Jenny's powerful legs caught Camille in mid-air, and sent her reeling backwards.

Jenny wasted no time. She sprang to her feet and went after Camille, who was more surprised than hurt. Camille threw a surprise into everyone by scrambling to her feet before Jenny could launch another attack.

Camille took a deep breath and shook her head to rid herself of the effects of Jenny's kick, and as she did, Jenny charged. But with one fluid move, Camille grabbed Jenny's left arm and spun her around. Before Jenny knew what was happening, Camille had a hold of her left arm and left leg, bending

her backwards as if she were a piece of taffy.

"Give up!" demanded Camille.

"Never," moaned Jenny.

As she struggled to get free, her magnificent chest heaved in agony. Pain was written all over her angelic face. Suddenly, Jenny used her right leg to trip Camille, and the two splendid specimens of womanhood fell to the floor.

For close to the next 30 minutes, the two women battered each other. Camille was all over her, pummelling her with murderous blows. But proud Jenny fought back unashamedly for several minutes, much to the crowd's pleasure.

If any girl seriously entertained the thought of losing, that thought was wiped out the longer the brutal match wore on. Each young woman was out for victory.

Eventually, the power in Jenny's legs paid off. Again and again she landed rib-shattering kicks in the supple body of Camille. Finally, as both young women were in a near state of collapse, Jenny's left leg shot up, catching Camille just under the left breast. Camille dropped as if she were shot.

Before Jenny could do another thing, Camille put her right hand in the air and gasped, "No more, no more!"

For Camille, the defeat came as relief. She could now go back to the hospital and work in the same, comfortable manner as she was used to.

But for Jenny, victory left her a worried person. The crowd had seen her in all her splendor, and then some. She was treated the way all champions are treated. She pleaded with them not to bother, but her pleading only added to her charm.

As the push and shove of tuxedoed men left Jenny with almost no room to breath, a shipping magnate raised his glass and made a toast.

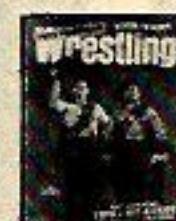
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